



# EMBLINE



OR

HOME, SWEET HOME.

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# *EMELINE;*

OR,

## *HOME, SWEET HOME.*

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BY THE AUTHOR OF SEVERAL WORKS.

*(John Burroughs, "Obituary")*

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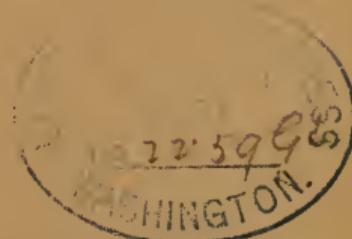
"Truth, truth alone, life's game shall win,  
But fiction germinates from sin."

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# SYNOPSIS.

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## DECADE I.

The PRELUDE: All homes alike are dear.—APOSTROPHE: Scenes laid in the West, especially Ohio.—NARRATION: The birthplace—Cotemporary items of history—Happy celebration of birth—Mother and her vows—The name—Growth—The broomstick horse—Essays at talk—Child-love at three—Child-fear—Events of childhood typical of graver events in life—The father resolves on a long removal, and unfolds the beauty of the new home—The son expostulates—The goods are packed for removal—The residue is sold at auction—After a night of dreams the moving caravan starts—Scenes on the way—Joyful arrival on third day—Happy surroundings—Winter, its games and reflections—Spring comes—A small love—The school-life begins—The school-house, its furniture and experience, its pedagogue—The house-dog, Paint—The horse, Mike, whose sale pays school tuition—Tenth birth-day feast, its after prophetic reverie and its dream of prophecy.

## DECADE II.

The age of toil—Nature rewards labor—This formative age sparse of events—Peace with God is made. \* \* \* \* Introduction of “Emeline”—Her birth in the Miami Valley, and general rejoicing at the event—Her graces and growth—An accident—She visits two homes of schoolmates—Timid traits—Is poisoned—Her conversion—Symptoms of love—The guardian angel hinders it until the proper object is presented—They twain meet incognito at a wedding feast, and again at a concert.

## DECADE III.

At Sabbath church the mutual strangers discover each other in the throng—Meantime minor loves tempt their hearts—His word of enquiry becomes their introduction—Her father makes a formal introduction—As the teacher he tarries seven months—During three years of business and college absence correspondence prevails—Twenty-seven letters and answers are exchanged, beginning in sober friendship and gradually ending with sacred love—Graduation—Becomes President of a college—Engaged—Love correspondence—Marriage—“Home.”



# EMELINE.

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## DECade I.

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### PRELUDE.

Sweet Home! Thou paradise of men,  
Whose hallowed cot greets pilgrim ken.  
Each child of Adam turns his face,  
Where infant dimples met embrace.  
As holy is the humble cot,  
When thatched with love, though lowly wrought,  
As the proud palace of a king,  
Where courtiers dance and princes sing.  
Where life immortal flashes fire,  
There love of home burns strong desire.  
As parti-colored rainbows gleam,  
Their haloed bands in varied stream,  
Full perfect to a thousand eyes,  
Which from vast regions scan the skies ;  
So perfect charm gilds every home,  
Although we work, or weep, or roam.  
To one that holy spot may stand,  
Far in some magic summer-land.  
Sweet Erin's verdant dell and hill,  
May kindle patriotic thrill ;  
Or where blue sky of Italy,  
Reflects the blue of kindred sea ;  
Or down the Rhine the memory floats,  
As childhood mans again its boats ;  
Or in his dreams the swarthy slave,  
In Afric's burning sun may lave,

Transported, like the prophet old,  
To Ulia in vision bold ;  
The wild Arab his tent will love,  
Pitched 'neath the shade of fragrant grove ;  
If Indian from his lodge be torn,  
His stolid breast is forced to mourn ;  
And Greenland is a Paradise,  
To all its sons 'neath other skies :  
The puritan may wander wide,  
And long in distant lands abide,  
But picturesque New England gleams,  
With brighter sun in holier beams.  
We celebrate a blest retreat,  
Where setting sun sleeps at our feet,  
On dipping shadows streaked with light,  
His feathery pillow for the night,  
Where prairie wings unfolded wide,  
Would fly from Mississippi's tide,  
As if the mountain's top to scale,  
To distant slope from watered vale.  
The soul of home may transmigrate,  
From childhood's home to home of mate,  
Transporting heart, and hope and life,  
And colonize anew with wife,  
Leaving parental home and ties,  
For other scenes 'neath other skies.  
Home moves with star of destiny,  
To distant land beyond the sea,  
And new departures swarm abroad,  
To clear some wild, or cross the flood.  
It firmly centers future fame,  
If Deity confer a claim.  
Home may be swept by fiery fiend,  
Hope builds it Phenix-like regained.  
A happy home is where the heart,  
In every sadness may resort.

Where such a home our chorus swells,  
Sweet fragrance blooms in charming dells ;  
And sweep our diapasons o'er  
Sweet echoes from a foreign shore.

## APOSTROPHE.

Great West ! where the National heart beats in pride,  
Thy bosom shall palpitate freely and wide,  
As it bears population, rich beauty and power,  
Vast prairies, wide landscape's perennial bower ;  
And silver lakes fringed with slopes eddying up,  
To the mountain-top clouds which are filling their cup.  
There are streams oceanic that cut through the lea,  
And float their proud sail to the distant blue sea.  
There are wheat fields of gold that are waved in the breeze,  
There are tall silken corn-fields that tower like trees,  
The great cattle are grazing on ten thousand hills ;  
A musical forest each intvale fills.  
Thou great Mississippi with huge massive tide,  
Where thy white sailing steamers, like monster birds,  
glide ;  
Thy vast tributaries plough valleys of gold,  
Richly buried in stratas of slumbering mould ;  
Thy Arkansas is swarthy with sediment loam,  
Thy Missouri is yellow with Rocky Mount Chrome.  
Sweet Ohio springs laughing in blue crystal tide,  
Adown the bent slopes of the far mountain side.  
Hail teeming Ohio ! thy fountains are free,  
From thy mountain top source adown to the sea ;  
Thy broad acres all bloom with the tillage of soil,  
Thy cool, flowing fountains quench millions who toil ;  
Thy depths are exhaustless with opulent mines ;  
Thy coal, iron, oil, each invitingly shines.

Bland hills, rolling slopes and wide intervalles charm ;  
Or plain where the ploughshare turns over the farm ;  
Or wild wooded canopy shades grassy slant ;  
Or great, rattling reapers their harvest songs chant ;  
Or sweet, scented clover-fields spread out a feast,  
For the honey of bee, or the Eden of beast.  
Emarginates northward fresh Erie's blue sea,  
Its flag flashing liberty, proudly and free ;  
But it stormed when grim war rolled its tide over deck,  
And Perry smote Britain and held her in check.  
On the limb of thy South the Ohio pours by,  
Bearing steamers, deep laden, for Southern supply.  
Thy cities are full. Cincinnati, all hail !  
Thy plentiful merchandise fills all the vale :  
With life and delight thy palatine hills,  
Are blooming in vines and laughing in rills.  
Hail Cleveland ! enchant us with prestige and pride,  
Erudition and enterprise in thee abide.  
Hail Columbus ! thou capital city of state,  
Commercially rich, and judicially great.  
Hail Dayton ! all beauty and greatness combine,  
Hail Toledo ! metropolis mart of the pine.  
Thy cities so countless on hill and in vale,  
Each a center of beauty, we bid you, all hail !  
Hail ponderous trains by iron-horse power !  
Speeding over thy labyrinths every hour ;  
Leap down through the plains, and thunder through vales,  
The land bind in one with thy iron-ribbed rails ;  
Then climb the long grades to the loftiest steep,  
Where ambition can scale or industry creep.  
Hail sky of the zenith ! where songster may float,  
Or turtle-dove amorous coo gentle note ;  
Or chirp robin red-breast maternal refrain ;  
Or pipe the black-bird his mechanical strain.  
The crow hawks discordant his husky toned taunt ;  
And the owl serenades in a dolorous chant.

The tiny blue finch trills a metrical song,  
While the jay flits the cheeriest chirp of the throng.  
The wood-pecker beats at his wild wooden drum,  
And the humming-bird quivers a fairy toned hum ;  
The great finch his monotone utters once more,  
And the mocking-bird has for its laurels encore.

## NARRATION.

Where dips the sky adown the valley deep,  
And Cincinnati crowns Ohio's verge,  
There pours the Less Miami's nymphal tide :  
And up this sylvan stream ten leagues or more  
Todd's Fork emerges from exalted source  
And rounding excavated hills, reflects  
The sun upon the nestled villas near.  
One league meander to the zenith south,  
Halt 'mid the maples and the red oak groves,  
Peer down the twittering brook and o'er the plain,  
And there sweet Osceola village greets.  
Take off thy shoes, 'tis consecrated ground.  
O, Harp ! sing, now of "HOME, HOME, SWEET,  
SWEET HOME!"

Eureka—I have found it—childhood's home.  
'Twas in the years when Janus' temple shut,  
Proclaimed peace : Old Hickory in war,  
The hero of Orleans, from Hermitage  
Of rest, in civil honor marched to fame,  
And sat him in the nation's capitol.  
'Twas when the epidemic swept the land,  
That scourge, the cholera, defied all skill ;  
'Twas when Old Black Hawk rose in Illinois,  
And vanquished, yielded up his hunting ground ;  
'Twas then the Cherokee his claim exiled ;

'Twas then the Nullifiers chaos sought,  
Made Cotton king, Calhoun its champion,  
When Hayne and Webster drew the swords of peace  
In matchless eloquence ; then Nullifiers  
A veto met, and Jackson brave, forestalled  
The scheme of banks ; when Osceola, chief  
Of Seminoles rebelled in arms, and Scott  
With war o'erturned them in the everglade ;  
When o'er the sea, France, fickle to a fault,  
Indemnity was forced to pay for wrongs  
Marine done in the days of Buonaparte ;  
When ancient Poland strove in savage war  
For Liberty usurped by Russian might ;  
When Britain forged her bonds for Erin Isle  
Enforcing law with transportation threat ;  
And yet when Britain freed her slaves abroad  
From all colonial realms, through Wilberforce ;  
When Holland, warring, lost her citadel ;  
When Bourbon princes ruled fair Italy ;  
When Spain, the Salic law annulled, and raised  
Don Carlos into power against the queen ;  
'Twas when the Sultan, Egypt's Pacha cast  
From proud demand of empire Judean ;  
'Twas when imperial China, fired with wrath,  
Expelled Britannia's merchants from her shore,  
Provoking forfeiture of peace in war ;  
'Twas when the Afghan and the Punjaub chiefs  
Disputed India with the Saxon arms ;  
Then, then, the day of days, home had its birth.

'Twas early day ; drab night, like sleepy owl,  
Folded its sable wings at morning gray,  
And went to rest. The Aurora flung his robe  
Across the pole and decked the world with beams -  
Of orient. The spiral smoke on wings  
Sought heaven's height ; the spring flowers wept  
for joy

Their petaliferous dewdrops, night-born globes,  
On rosy cheeks. Upon the roost, the cock  
Flaps stupor from his wings and welcomes day :  
The lark, his choral offers to the sky ;  
The plough-steed walks and yawns to crack his  
joints,  
Well knowing labor is preceded by  
Its sweet reward to all of pampering food.  
Gray morn assumes the active garb of toil,  
And from the eastern palace of the sun }  
Refulgent crystals fell upon that home.

There, there, an ancient cot immortal ranks  
Like mansions of the blest, for mother there  
Gave life ; father rejoiced ; while sisters kissed  
The incarnation new ; and brothers rang  
The joy-bells ; "Lo, a son is born to-day!"  
The tender April buds forth laureate  
Each hill adjacent as the tidings spread ;  
The laughing brook its banks o'er-leapt adown  
The meadow, and the verdure sprang inspired,  
Luxuriant ; the crowfoot oped with smile  
Its saffron eye ; sweet williams wrought bouquets  
To crown the stranger ; bloomed sweet apple trees  
In aromatic fragrance ; the rich peach  
His petals lavished ; and the rosebush bloomed  
As ne'er before, hard by the garden gate ;  
The buckeye tree put forth one blossom more.  
The well-sweep deep, e'en bent its aged form  
To dip the crystal fountain for the feast ;  
The stars beamed approbative twinkles down,  
As when some Persian magi stands entranced  
At prodigies celestial, fraught with weal ;  
Such was the early morn of infancy.

Each king, philosopher and mendicant  
Once had a crib, or couch or humble bed  
To plant for rest and growth the infant frame.

Our crib had one devoted, bending saint,  
Our weeping form to sooth, our pillow smooth,  
To embosom when initial sorrow moved  
And plagued the dream of infancy, and pain  
Instilled its earliest dews of bitterness.  
'Twas mother, sweetest name, save Jesus, known.  
"O, mother! is that unrequited care  
In heaven satisfied? Is thy pure soul  
Now on the breast of Jesus resting calm,  
As thou didst nestle me with peace serene?"  
Her love, surpassing all, a mother's love.  
Bent low and made that crib a mercy seat.  
First was a benediction for the child,  
Then rose a vow of consecration far  
T'ward heaven and God; "O, Father take my babe  
Into thy earthly service, holy make,  
And bid him work and walk with thee in love,  
Through coming years, when I, his mother, dwell  
In glory; thine is he; use him; his lips  
From heaven's altar touch with fire; his heart  
Enrich with truth, celestial scenes impart;  
Send to the vineyard; give him grace and power;  
For thine the kingdom, glory, power, amen."

Next all the oracles must coin a name.  
Of all the heterogeneous babble words;  
None so discordant as spontaneous names.  
This all important theme met firm decree  
From mother's lips: "Let him," responded she,  
"Be only called the '*Gracious gift of God,*'  
Sweet, evangelic, brief and simple name;  
Let him like the beloved disciple lean  
On Jesus' breast; or like to him of old  
In wilderness of Judea proclaim  
'Repent'; or, if for truth in Bedford cell  
He linger as did he of pilgrim dreams,  
Let vision fall, supernal for his guide."

Then on the whited page twixt covenants,  
The Old and New, on sacred Bible blank,  
Was writ the name a mother's love bestowed.

Such was the capital of childhood, wealth,  
Name, heaven, home and mother, God vouchsafes ;  
Heaven must embosom mother, then with heaven  
Home is synonymous while sounding name  
Obliterated sinks, but deeds live on,  
Immortally daguerreotyped with soul.

Months rolled in years, horizons change from  
crib

With growth, since home a sacred cosmos was,  
Cosmopolite becomes the rising youth.

The circuit swells, traversed on broomstick steed,  
A wooden horse more docile than the type  
Which doomed an ancient Troy in Hector's day.  
Well-curbed this symbol charger was with rein,  
And not Bucephalus a prouder groom

Sustained. From action words, we learn and lisp,  
Thought vehicles, topic revolvers they,  
When thought is born, words ornament and dress  
For public exhibition youthful thought,  
The infant tongue is chaos all ajar.

Its first oration is appeal for aid,  
The lactic staff of life, a mother's bread ;  
Heartrending the distress, 'til satiate,  
Then smiles in joy the infant satisfied.

Our hero wept in want, in plenty smiled,  
Articulation budded out of smiles.

And sentimental tears did fructify  
In speech. He talked : or now in sermon grave,  
With audience a sister group, with stage,  
The chimney-corner, text a beetle was,  
Foreshadowing the future man, or now  
Expatiating on the ruddy fruit

Of mulberry, a royal feast, or now

Rebuking the old gander standing guard  
Over the future home of infant brood,  
Or now carousing in high carnival  
Amid the fallen fruit of Autumn fields,  
Thus language wedded thought with manly deed.

Who is love proof? Not infant son of man.  
Proud generals from the military field  
Have fallen captive to the snares of love;  
Sailors, who brave the deep and monsters fierce,  
And storms terrific, Samson-like distil  
In weakened dreams when gentle opiate,  
Love; overwhelms; Sage politicians, pert  
At ballot box, as current galvanic,  
Prevail, sit later, tamed adoring her  
Whose charms outrival e'en perfection's gift:  
So shall the tender age of thirty moons  
Be tolerated in a scheme of love.  
'Twas childish fancy, yet the sweet young smile  
Imparted deep from infant coquet, forced  
Affection in the boyish heart at three.

That wild emotion fear had early birth,  
Fear at the ox which relatively rose  
A monster to the size diminutive  
Of childhood; at the simple carriage, fear,  
Fear infantile filled it with demons fierce,  
Such hostile phantoms, that away he fled  
For refuge in a safe crevasse, secure,  
To be discovered only by a staunch  
Appeal to maple sap in crystals wrought;  
Fear stood young hair on end when Afric's cry  
Pealed forth from infant negro, fast by chance,  
In passing through the narrows of the way;  
Such ebon cry was typical of woe  
Which slavery begot on Southern soil,  
And wholesome childhood fear prefigured strong,  
The up-rising North to vindicate the slave.

I meditate amid those halcyon days,  
With recollection for my solemn guide ;  
There's not a kiss of friend or cut of foe  
The one to woo, the other to harass,  
But live they now to fill with love or hate ;  
No step adown the hill with infant feet  
But measures now with feet the typified ;  
No tears welled up from fount of infancy,  
For sorrow at the fate of trivial scheme,  
But now repeats itself from wounded heart,  
In graver disappointments, spreading wide ;  
Not from the well-sweep then came forth a draft,  
Cool, clear and savory to the thirsty child  
But from the deep, dark fountain filled of God,  
There bubbles now a draft to lave the man ;  
Not a horizon of the tender crib  
Amazed with revelations new of scenes,  
But has its antipode this side the world,  
Beheld each day by conscious eye, mature ;  
No fruit sweet mouthed, insipid, bitter proved  
To tempt the tiny hands to take or taste  
From the paternal paradise of youth,  
But was a prototype of heaven's cup,  
In later days, insipid, bitter, sweet ;  
And when old Cube his faithful watch-howl bayed,  
Dismay creating in the sleepless ear  
Of babe, 'twas but a howl premonitive  
Of future friend disguised in criticism  
Amid the devious darkness of life's noon ;  
When flattered with caress or smile of nurse,  
It was prophetic of the guise of tongue,  
Of future years decoying by soft words,  
To paths forbidden and to deeds accurst ;  
To infant eye unduly mountains rose  
To dwarfs in elevation relative,  
And so, man's future eye inflation charms.

With airy prodigies of hopeless chaff;  
Small drops of water multiplied make floods  
Which mountains overleap and drown a world,  
Or save an ark of progeny to faith;  
Small lines of deviation bounding sight  
When pushed abroad in space encompass globes  
In yawning arms: So streamlets from the mount  
Converge in trooping multitudes, diffuse  
Consolidating massive strength adown,  
First rolling merchant wheel of mighty mill,  
Then floating shipyards dense with forest mast;  
Thus, thus has infant recollection spread  
To scenes of middle life, to loves and hates,  
To hopes deferred, and fears in exile sent.  
Thus infancy must bide its day and grow;  
Thus dimples, pressed by times rude finger, plough  
To wrinkles; white head boy must change to gray  
Of man; milk teeth must fall and bibs decay;  
Long trailing dress must yield to pantaloon,  
And neuter bonnet fall before the hat  
Of coming man; gray, downy fuzz inspires  
New carbon, and jet, hirsute beard becomes.

Thus sped the boy old Chronus on his way  
'Til the triennial anniversary  
Of birth; when father, bent on other lands  
To emigrate, was tended by the cloud  
And pillar of his God. He to himself  
Was Joshua and Caleb both, to spy  
The land of promise far, and grapes to bring  
To his twelve tribes who tarried in the plains  
Of Goshen yet. Thus he accosted them—  
"Up, get you from this stranger home of birth,  
'Tis not the *Home, Sweet Home*, of promise here;  
Beyond the distant hills, the valleys o'er,  
Far, far, past the blue heights of Lebanon  
O'er rivers deep, Fairfield, is found 'tis *Home*;

This is not Salem here : here tarry not ;  
No cave Machpelah offers for the loved  
Who fall in death. Beyond Carlisle is *Home* ;  
There, milk exudes from out the very hills ;  
There oak, ash, beech and walnut crown the plain ;  
There maple drops its sweet from every pore ;  
There vines inwreathe each tree with purple grape ;  
There plenty bursts the barns and fills the field ;  
There hope adorns the plough, the sickle wreathes ;  
There, all around are faithful friendships found ;  
There are abounding flocks and skipping herds ;  
There is a cottage full of beauty, full  
Of charm artistic, but of habitant  
Is empty, and, with open arms invites ;  
And when the melancholy autumn days  
Fill up the measure of our sojourn here,  
We'll leave these skies of silver for a sky  
Of gold ; then be ye ready at the hour.”  
Thus said the sire whose life was hid in God,  
In holy faith ; and thus replied the lad :  
“O, father, must we leave these blessed scenes,  
And sever all these halcyon ties of birth,  
And must this domicile be ere forgot,  
And busy extradition take us hence ?  
Who now inherits the sweet apple tree,  
Who now the well-sweep sinks for eager draught ?  
But, if inexorable fate decree,  
And we must under other skies depart,  
Then, shall I never more see Nancy Mills,  
But, pretty girls abound where'er you go ;  
So, reconciled we seek our distant home.”

All was astir : for days and weeks sufficed  
Scarce for the preparation in event,  
Momentous to all future weal or woe ;  
Pragmatic now in ceaseless whirl of toil  
Were parents, brother, sister ; no delay

Must check our caravan to distant home.

From terrace tuft to chink of cabin top,  
Each crevice scrutinized by vigilance,  
Discovered what was personal effect,  
And, separated from the barren wall,  
Left emptiness and desolation drear,  
As if the domicile to ghosts were cast.  
The attic was divested of its bags,  
Its barrels, superannuated traps,  
Its savory herbs, its nuts and ancient stores,  
Old socks of pristine treasure slyly hid  
With such effectual care that time defied  
Discovery save in revolution vast  
Of every nook. The agitation grew,  
And packages surmounted packages,  
And boxes filled with household goods prevailed  
O'er vaster boxes heavy laden down  
In stratas cumbersome to infant gaze.  
In demolition Troy were a decade  
Of years ; and more than a diurnal task  
Were Troy in building ; so desertion last  
Of the domestic citadel delayed  
The active industry of many hands,  
As when some benedict, new married, takes,  
For transportation, trunks, both great and small,  
With bundles, bandboxes and treasures rare  
And onerous, so waited a full loft.  
Investigation and subversion passed  
Adown that ancient stairway and resumed  
Beneath a desultory enfilade,  
The ground-floor raking with a phalanx brave  
Of industry. Beds fell in vanquished line ;  
Succumbed old pictures from the wall ; while chairs  
Paired off in twain like votes of demagogues ;  
The ancient clock, with folded hands on face,  
Ticked out its final second knell and slept

In stupid death ; bureaus were gorged and locked  
For final voyage ; carpets rose and shook  
The dust of weary feet and rolled them snug  
For other climes ; the cosy rooms all sad  
Of furniture, were mourners, doomed to hush  
The echo of reverberation from  
Affection's lips, and secrets ne'er reveal.  
The cooking-stove had baked full staff of life,  
And roasted many a luckless capon stuffed,  
As commissariat upon the way,  
For vigor grows from feasted appetite ;  
Then too, this culinary implement,  
Its task complete, decapitate of pipe,  
With all its pots and kettles bound in form,  
The moving car, in expectation craved,  
The cupboard dear, disgorged its china ware,  
And bowed prostrate for preparation brave.

Not an iota could evade the eye  
That gleamed each nook for treasure hidden there ;  
The storehouse yielded up its rich array  
Of barrels, oleaginous and full  
Of meats and pickles, sauce and salads much.

Meantime, in barn and shed and moving shop,  
Strong manhood raised an ardent, busy din  
Maturing the resources of the field,  
The tools of agriculture and the farm,  
Debts liquidating, credits drawing in.  
Dire was the lamentation in barnyard,  
Companionated animals must part,  
Part for the slaughter or to slavery bound ;  
Geese gabbled in portentious agony ;  
Cocks screamed in horror, with heart-rending thrills ;  
Sheep bleated out their piteous complaints ;  
Sad cattle lowed in deep grief, comfortless ;  
Successively the horses neighed and groaned.  
The mingled chorus was of hope forlorn,

And doom had fixed inexorable woe.  
Brutes have a sorrow fathomed by no man,  
The curse Adamic left them no escape.

Thus were the better goods arrayed, while  
much

Beyond the valued heir-looms purchaseless,  
Beyond necessitous and useful store,  
Beyond all luxury which fills the lap  
Of ease, accumulates a vast debris,  
Immovable, of no utility,  
Yet prized by some as chaff for compost rare;  
These furnish eloquence for auctioneer,  
And mediocre men attract to bid  
Possession of the second-handed wares.  
An auction, fitting time for gossip serves.  
So now: for spavined stock, and furniture  
Full weather beaten this an outfit made  
Quite profitable. Loud was the parade.  
Assembled many with plethoric purse;  
All ears were lent, all eyes arrested sharp,  
And maxillaries fell aghast, entranced,  
When fluent auctioneer exalted high,  
Uplifted hammer o'er the block of fate  
And sold the petty wares for fabulous  
Invoice; dissolved the mounds of worthless spoil,  
And filled the waiting cart of friend or foe;  
Tornado could not make a cleaner sweep;  
A locust plague could not have stripped so coy;  
Nor aught remained of all the wondrous mass  
Which years had gathered on the sea of life.

All portable is laden on the wheels  
Of cumbrous wagon; and day ends in sleep:  
A sleep of dreams prophetic of dim years:  
Dreams of the fortune at the distant goal;  
Dreams of ambition pushing on to fame:  
Dreams of enchantment from the lips of love;

Deep sleep on him decoyed creation back  
To Adam's day when help-meet walked full formed,  
Of beauty rare, and dimples fairy like.

Dreams end ; day dawns ; the day of days since  
birth ;

Chaotic day ; a homeless inter-reign.

Sad pilgrim he, and exile from the crib  
And play-house infantile. Save tears, 'twas bright.  
The frugal meal dispatched, the steeds arrayed ;  
In desolation last adieu are said,  
A desolation of the home of youth.

The pile is mounted by the young and frail.

The draught-horse hears the driver's symbol shrill ;  
And down the lane the long procession moves ;  
Trip, Cube and Carlo pioneer the way,  
Three curs which every enterprise of note  
Must place in prominence ; the rear was held  
By valued cattle, stripling colts and sheep,  
Which strict predestination foreordained  
To people the new Canaan of our hopes.

The vigorous air lent spirit to our steeds ;  
And on the leaders went, and on the rear,  
Like serpentine career of railroad train,  
Mile after mile the northward journey bent ;  
Home vanished, hills receded, brooks were passed ;  
High noon had melted into distance dim ;  
Deep rivers lifted up their pebbled fords ;  
Fair villas peeped adown the hillside slopes ;  
Rich villages, o'er capped with steeples, grew  
In wonder. Oldtown, Millgrove, Waynesville fled  
Behind our cavalcade. Night hung its lamps  
In chandelier of sky ; and weary they  
At traveler's inn sought rest ; momentous night,  
Half way from destiny to destiny.  
Fruition that, while this was hope in germ.  
In every womb of night there grows a day,

Which Rachel-like must die to give it birth ;  
So darkness died and infant day was born.

The journey's second morn scenes duplicate  
Of first ; yet richer grapes in clusters hung ;  
And more like paradise each foot of land  
They traveled o'er ; the stumps of harvest rose  
In grander form. Morn melted into noon ;  
Noon sank to quiet eve. Fairfield was passed ;  
Mad river swept its raging torrent down ;  
All passed its wave secure save faithful Cube,  
Swam he its tide, its maniac waters lapped,  
Fell mad upon the other shore and died ;  
For others' weal, a bullet pierced him through ;  
A faithful household dog like household god  
Is pampered more than friend. Hoar frost of night  
Was falling fast and shadows flicted faint ;  
Our caravan a second bethel reached,  
A place of rest and plenteous store for all,  
Of bursting barns and larders all replete ;  
And cellar, rich in fruits, and roost in fowl.  
Repose again invigorated man,  
And child and beast. The morning sun abode  
In mellow rays autumnal. They resumed,  
As sailors of Columbus, nearing land,  
So eager and impatient they for home.  
Hills, vales, woods, rivers, vaulted skies grew stale,  
They sighed a local habitation near,  
And restless grew for home. The promised hours  
Elapsed and minutes took their place. The guide  
Peered through the maple wood and pointed on  
Where curling smoke rose from a cheerful roof ;  
Where stacks of ripened corn obeisance made,  
Conveyed to bursting barn where plenty dwelt.  
" This, this," said he, " Is HOME, HOME, SWEET,  
SWEET HOME.  
Be glad ye weary limbs and wounded hearts ;

Let man and beast rejoice." Carlo and Trip  
Bayed forth in ecstasy. "Huzzah!" proclaimed  
The exile tribe; and flocks and herds rebound  
Into the new found fields; teams coupled firm,  
Which stood the burden of the train, thrice true  
Forever, wheeled their treasures to the door.  
Blest be the pilgrim when his journey's done:  
Sweet rest, inheritance of toil is his.  
Joy, no repose demands, foretasting more,  
It presses to fruition's final draught.

Noon stood in glory, gilding rolling meads,  
Soils loamy, virgin richness introduced;  
Broad acres waved with laden apple trees;  
Delicious fruit mellowed the scented earth,  
And luscious life made fragrant every branch.  
Beneath the hill the copious fountain flowed  
Thrice cool and rich in minerals of health  
Exhilarating and full quenching thirst  
As pulque of maguey laving fevered lips  
Of famished Mexico. Felicitous  
The spring beneath the hill and copious,  
And in its store perennial and full  
As perfect gift of God. All round, the groves  
Horizon made of gorgeous hue to enchant;  
The sugar maple waved his purple robe;  
The walnut fell beneath his yellow locks;  
The buckeye cast to earth his fruited balls;  
The oak his acorns showered on the heath;  
And beech nuts fell in flakes like falling hail.

Soon trenchant winter blew his blasts severe;  
Storms fought their battles in the sublime air,  
Frost crystallized all nature, fairy-land;  
Chaste icicles, artistic, fringed the edge  
Of earth with glory touch. The sun declined  
The humble cycles bent to chase the king  
Of storm. The modest brook its water veiled

With crystal ice, shutting the surly blast  
Of winter out. Hoar, fleecy crystals fell  
From heaven and carpeted the earth, congealed  
With white, chaste velvet of the cloudy sky.  
The icicle adorned the dripping eaves  
With many a spike of beauty, glittering  
As diamonds in the crown of empire's king;  
Domestic bliss is fostered by the blasts  
Of winter and adversity; let man  
Be driven home by either, and sweet peace  
Encompasses and heals the heart from storm.  
The child drinks peace and love when winter home  
Embosoms with its joys, its plenty free.

The toy is typical of graver games:  
The snow-built Paddy has a Fenian air;  
The cob-house rises with its hopes and fears,  
Top-heavy, with the final round, it falls  
In chaos, like inflated schemes of men.  
When feline prank runs wild to seize the trail  
Of twisted string in artful hand of child,  
'Tis but the emblem of pursuing men  
Hard after the delusive shadows flung  
By subtile fancy in the path; the traps  
Which boyhood sets to snare unwary quail  
Are reset to the man by demon's guise;  
Thus read we destiny from minor signs  
And shadows in the innocence of youth.  
But agitation has its summit gained,  
When pens of fatted swine must march to death,  
And steaming tubs and guns and sharpened knives,  
And gallows for the invested beast are framed.  
Then plenty reigns, sausage and sweet bread feast,  
And human life is fed from other life;  
So slaughter kings the fatted dupes of war;  
So slays ambition its imprisoned hoards;  
So politician slaughters friend or foe,

And picks the carcass to a skeleton,  
And thrives complacent on the ruin wrought.

But winter ends. Solsticial Capricorn  
Relaxes its cold grasp upon the sun,  
And Nature sings a triumph ; Winter ends.  
Hail Spring ! hail verdant intervalle ! and buds  
Of promise hail ! 'Tis Nature singing songs  
Of vernal resurrection. . Robin, come ;  
Come humming bird with joy ; let lark be there ;  
Be glad ye hibernating tribes for joy ;  
And you, ye creeking things, come forth to life ;  
And buzz, ye insects from your natal webs,  
For Spring invites you to its matinee.

Then came \*Minerva, gentle nymph of May,  
And taught our hero to renew his loves.  
She was a dimpled goddess, full of charms,  
And held a cord of gossamer control  
For a decade, and then the passion lapsed  
Into a warm respect, a rare result.  
Thus the horizon of each year enlarged ;  
Thus seasons make a play-house of the heart  
Of child or man ; unique diversity  
Lades every hour, and memory repeats  
The scene in many a panoramic view.

But halt ye other scenes, and tip the hat,  
In honor, when the angel of the school,  
First bears the youthful pupil to the hill  
Of knowledge ; here present your sacrifice.  
O school days ! come, in ling'ring memory, come !  
And make each thrill of joy return again,  
As in the halcyon groups of childhood gone.  
Let photograph retake on tablature,  
And none be absent then. Eight suns had rolled  
In annual splendor, when the fates decreed  
That school should be the home of boyhood's mind,

\*M. M.

And field of thought should be explored with strides  
Persistent, with all elemental helps,  
With pedagogue, with bench unspinous made,  
With hope and fear commingled ; morning dawned.  
Matriculation day must usher life.

The tender hand of sister roached the hair  
Approvingly of boy, ablution made,  
Inspired the rosy cheeks with ruddy hue ;  
And calmed the trembling mind with many a cheer ;  
Spoke of the path of duty in all time  
And linked the present work with future weal.

Forearmed with book and satchel for the strife,  
Forewarned by sister's prophecy in love,  
Forth went the tyro in the public throng,  
Passed through the maple groves, down oaken hills,  
Safe o'er the silver brook and through the plain,  
With harvests teeming ; up the south hill side  
Peered forth the humble edifice of mind.  
There were the simple walls, a joy or grief,  
A prison or a palace, as you will,  
A heaven for the good, and for the bad,  
A purgatory sore, with no discharge.  
'Twas but a wooden frame of humble plot,  
With door in gable and surmounted roof  
Of piercing flue and curling smoke above,  
Far from pretentious was the inner garb,  
One endless counter scaled the inner wall  
For penmanship, appropriate disposed,  
And for the higher life of graver lads  
Who rose to this external round by grade ;  
With slabbed seat devoid of back or breadth  
And comfortless as the north pole of heaven.  
The sacred pin for hat of pedagogue,  
The simple shelf for hats and bonnets planned,  
The realm of baskets full of dainty food,  
The water-pail, perennial to all lips

Of thirsty urchin, were the outfit scant.  
Within the exalted ranks the humbler throng,  
An inner phalanx made, with humbler seat  
Rough hewn it stood on quadrupedal stick;  
Sat they concentric; in the frontal rank  
As raw militia in a sanguine war;  
Sat they intent upon the strife of words;  
Each primer was a weapon primed for strife;  
Each recitation charged the hidden foe.  
The stove was central, an omnific maw  
Of wood, of rubbish, relics, refuse, all,  
A depot to receive, but giving heat.  
High on a rostrum sat in solemn state  
The \*pedagogue of absolute decree;  
No child could fathom him, a being grand;  
In pity stern, in justice pitiful.  
Diverse was he as image in the dream  
Of Babylonish king with head of gold.  
One limb of fleshly clay and one of wood  
Tipped with an iron toe, and brass he had  
But in his mien and reverence all bestowed:  
Of words and wisdom full. His riches was  
A rod, the emblem of authority,  
In peace a bow of hope, in war a lance,  
When waved this wand, a silent awe prevailed  
And safety was alone in task well done.  
Here †Hannah, lovely maid, with charms beguiled,  
And touched the cord of harmony within.  
Now recess came with all its loud huzzah.  
Now Christmas with confectionery cheered;  
But high above the realm of common joy  
Was ushered in each martial spelling-match,  
Two phalanx brave await the eager word  
Whose right orthography should win the fray,  
Each hero vanquished falls, one after one,

Till only two opposing rivals stand,  
The champions of the final eager charge.  
All mouths are breathless and all eyes are fixed,  
All ears are tied with tension, till at last  
Some fatal word entangle in its snare  
One luckless hero, falls he in the strife,  
While victory is shouted from the opposing lines,  
And the great pedagogue confirms the fates.

Term ends and time seals fast its sacred scenes.  
Of all the loves which bubble at our feet,  
None so devoted as a faithful dog :  
In danger rushing, and a martyr brave  
In death ; devoted to his master's call,  
In hazard fervent to discharge his trust ;  
With sleepless, watchful eye he guards the night.  
Himself for honesty proverbial,  
He forces thieves and robbers into terms  
Of honesty. As sheriff of the law  
Constabulary, he commissioned growls ;  
And, quite unlike the modern men of trust,  
He never plunders or absconds with wealth  
When made official guard of treasures rare  
But yields the utmost farthing of resource  
When rightful lord would reassure his claim.  
Such honest cur was Paint, companion he,  
And junior a decade ; a valiant whelp  
When first he stormed the kennel for release,  
And captured an unwary fly for sport,  
To try his cuspid tooth and cervicle.  
Then braver, routed he the straggling bird :  
Oft practiced he retreating from his tail,  
Or boldly held at bay a quadruped.  
Nor cat nor coxcomb crossed his beat so sly  
But watchful glance bestowed he on each stray.  
No rodent dared to den or climb or swim,  
Within the radius of his fatal scent.

He was a messenger of death to game;  
He was a guardian of life to friend;  
He was a medicine of mirth to man;  
At last, in prime, twelve summers came and went;  
Some ruffian fed the now lamented Paint  
A bane, and thus the faithful servant died,  
And moldered in the sacred meadow sod.  
His fame and reputation far outlive  
The murderous clown who fed the fatal dose  
*Hic requiescat canis, eternam.*  
In winter deep, a filly fed her foal;  
It was a puny colt; his name was Mike;  
He was a gift to gratify boy pride;  
He braved the winter, and waxed fat, and kicked  
As Jeshuran the Jew; he nipped the sward;  
And, walnut colored and diminutive,  
He pranced in innocence twelve moons or more;  
Then, weaned, he wept with neighing art, childlike;  
Then, roamed he over hills, in dells and woods,  
And chose society of kindred tribes;  
A wild wind steed, he sought abandon, till  
The groom subdued and made him bridle-wise.  
His pride developed with caparison  
Of rich design; and curved his graceful neck  
With arch superb. His rider, prouder still  
Was borne in devious way of courtship's art,  
Or to the mart of business and of trade,  
Or to the sly retreat of debtor, or  
Amid the circles vowed to friendship's claim.  
Man sells the souls of men in servitude,  
The master more in slavish bonds of gain  
Than the vile serf he dooms by deed of sale;  
So men apologize for selling pets.  
Mike was a sacrifice to stranger's cash,  
His price was made tuition at the schools,  
And flesh of animal was changed to mind.

Adorning it with science, language old,  
And mathematic power. Did ever Jew  
Make sacrifice with blood of beast or bird  
And slay sweet innocence to vanquish guilt;  
Without compunction at the price of crime?  
So pity for this victim, changed for gold,  
Made a relenting heart. Yet strange to tell  
No nightmare filled the brain thus made to shine  
With flesh of horse whereon he rode to fame.  
Thus years round the decade, the birthday comes,  
With anniversary joy to celebrate  
The longed event. Ten years of life foretell  
The future man. Friends note the eventful day;  
Affection makes a feast and calls the guests,  
Each delicacy graces the repast,  
Nuts from the native hills of Honey Creek,  
Fruits from the stores of luscious Bethel brought,  
Stuffed fowls and pigeons from the cages fed,  
Rich shiners netted from Miami floods,  
Cheese curdled from the lacteous spring-house store,  
Sharp pickles of the mango and the pear,  
Cream, rich, rare, sluggish, yellow from its fount,  
Tarts, pies and pastry in profusion piled,  
All sweetened by the sugar hand of love;  
Delicious coffee brimmed the sweetened cup.  
Friend vied with friend to fill each plate with joy,  
The youthful band were feasted satiate:  
And after many a childish game the guests  
Depart to hearthstones far away; the lad,  
Thus honored by companions, fed by friends,  
Fell into weary reverie and scanned  
The future life, prognosticating fate,  
Cast o'er the years half wish, half propheey,  
The soul its ardent day-dreams uttered thus:  
"Through mystic shades of propheey, whose scope  
Environed is, from curious gaze with wall

Of adamant terrific as the fair  
Acropolis of Eden, cherub manned,  
And with dread sword, not sacrilegiously  
I'll wend, to trace the lineaments of bliss  
In earth's prospective pilgrimage. And first  
The dainty gush of social joy shall fill  
The avenues that God has furrowed deep,  
To blend affection's tide congenial,  
Not an inconstant ebb and flow, but from  
Perennial fount; not scantily, but floods  
That melt united souls to heavenly  
Similitude. Let best and fairest gem,  
The princess royal, spirit clad in flesh,  
(For such there be in mortal garb,) virtue's  
Epitome, device of beauty, theme  
Of song, my partner be, and angel friend,  
I'll plant my cottage in a rising bower,  
Secure from tide of some vast pearly stream,  
Whose bosom wafts to commerce, cities, both  
The steamer palace and the snowy sail;  
And from adown the purling sheet, upon  
The healthy breeze of eventide shall float  
The din promiscuous of industry,  
From some metropolis hard by the shore.  
I'll spread the vast and gentle, sunny slope  
With vegetation's richest luxuries,  
With ruby vines, rare spices, waving grain,  
And line the stranded brink with evergreen,  
Palmetto, and a varied bower, perfumed  
By aromatic flowers of rarest hues,  
Which sweet the air, leaning their tinted cheeks  
In tears of morning dew, and wavelets kiss.  
Toward the mountain heights, the flocks upon  
A thousand hills shall play. The hungry poor  
Shall share with me the gifts of Providence.  
Oft pleasant toil relaxed, I'll gather gems

From classic lore and from the modern feats  
Of busy earth. I'll day and night look through  
The fairy diadems that gem the sky,  
Up to the throne of thrones, and praise the great  
I AM. Thus will I live. Domestic bliss,  
Will crown serenest life ; and life now spent,  
I'll not reluctantly depart from earth,  
Attended by the consort of my joy,  
Upon the shaded crystal river brink,  
To drift adown its peaceful bosom ; now  
Far gliding by oblivion's shore, and by  
The mystic deltas, where is lost the stream  
Of time ; and now, bewildered by some strange  
Enchantment, midst the fairy isles, until  
We walk in beatific climes on high,  
To revel in that haven evermore."

Ended the reverie in weariness  
Of gleeful days, nodded the prospect fair  
Of future bliss in fairy land of dream.  
Dreamed he in revelation of the solemn walks  
Of future life at forty years, like him  
Of Padan-Aram, who saw angels come  
And go, upon the heavenly ladder rounds.  
So now transported him the angel bands,  
Adown the years of thirty rolling suns,  
And dreamed he this prelude in blissful sleep :—

“ Forty fair springs of hopes and flowers,  
Forty gay summers of burdens and bowers,  
Forty rich autumns of vintage and grace,  
Forty stern winters the snow locks chase.

And yet not alone these forty full years,  
For hearth, heart and home are blooming with cheers,  
Lo ! five little hearts came sailing from heaven,  
While angel Mamma and I number seven.

First Eva, the seraphs brought home one day,  
With little bare feet to be shod they say;  
Her sunshiny path has turned in the 'teens,  
Mid sweet singing dimples and bright smiling scenes.

And not far along did the years expand,  
When Allie came over from fairy-land  
With a cheery brown eye and a loving way,  
In books and in business the livelong day.

Then Mamie the mild, and dainty and gay,  
Bloomed with the daisies one summer day;  
A fair, tender house-plant, winning and sweet,  
Climbing heart-trellises our hearts to greet.

Then on sped time and Nell's golden hair,  
With tresses and ringlets fanned temples so fair,  
With eyes sky blue, and delicate form,  
We must doubly protect such a cherub from storm.

At last little 'Sunbeam,' our 'Mabel,' our 'Tod,'  
Sailed down with the snow-crystals, down from God.  
What plump rosy cheeks, what a statue alive,  
How commanding, how winning, is this number five!

But linger ye yet, there is one more pet,  
The blue-eyed mother with hair of jet;  
All down through the years she has mingled her tears,  
With trials of faith, with hopes and fears.

And now you have all from Mabel to me,  
A stairway of life rising up as you see,  
A ladder, like Jacob's with angels aboard,  
All climbing to heaven the home of the Lord."

## DECADE II.

The vision ended. Day dawns on the age  
Of toil, inspired by futurity  
And God. These infant hands, now full of faith,  
Seize firm the implements of industry ;  
These feet now quicken in the golden task  
Of duty. The grave mission of our lives,  
Unmitigated toil, is God's decree.

He too, unfolds the sweet reward to man,  
Who in the vineyard groans in heat of day,  
With sweat of fevered brow. To eye of faith  
The future is not all a mystery.

Effect must follow cause ; the laws of God  
Are fixed with potent certainty and skill.  
The rich rewards of heaven, attractive, come  
To all ; while destiny and fortune change,  
If aught they signify, to bless the brave,  
Not e'en the present is devoid of gifts  
To busy toil. Recuperating sleep  
Is bought by weariness of active limb.  
God is a Senior Partner of the man  
Who sows and reaps in season for the rain.  
Requiting joy beams from the feasted eye  
That sees the growing corn and opening flower  
Which faith has planted, and which prayer has fed,  
And tears have watered till the harvest come.

Thus when the summer sun gleamed full its warmth,  
With span of noble steeds strong for the task,  
Forth went the youthful husbandman at morn,  
Till noon and eve brought rest, the type of heaven.  
Thus ran the plough its ample rounds of toil,  
Upturning fruitful acres to the light,  
And harvest failed not its abounding fruit.  
Full barns impressed the lesson of reward.  
E'en winter had its sweet repast of toil,

The herculean task of mental strife,  
The problems of the books and nature's thoughts,  
In theories of academic lore.

Year ushered year; sun succeeded sun;  
Youth took the stature of a man of age;  
Developed well the qualities of heart,  
And amiable discrimination grew,  
To enviable worth of trustful grace.

Monotonous for pen historic or  
Poetic is the formative decade.

From ten to twenty though replete with schemes,  
In bosom pent for egress waiting long  
Till fullness of maturity invite.

The holy duty of a peace with God  
Was not forgotten in these tender days.  
"Remember thy Creator now in youth,"  
Came to the heart like a divine repose,  
And faith achieved the heavenly reward  
Of righteousness ere sixteen suns had rolled.  
Thus armed the soul is proof 'gainst fate and death;  
E'en life adds an *All-Power* to its power,  
When sweetened is with grace the cup of toil.

Leave we the mental, moral, physical,  
Awhile to grow in perfect symmetry  
Unfolding to the fulness of a man.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
Again, O Muse! vouchsafe the gift of song,  
For graver task, though no less amiable,  
Enlists our theme. Another life we sing,  
Converging into this; a counterpart  
Of heaven ordained; a sharer of the home  
Of prophecy. Two paths were marked of God  
Though not disclosed to man, where kindred souls  
Were hurrying to a common goal of bliss.

O EMELINE! bear back our theme to meet  
The sacred angel of thy natal day!

Let us behold the holy star that rose  
To harbinger the blest retreat which hailed  
Thy advent ! How our spirit now would bear  
Frankincense, myrrh and gifts from pleasant land !  
'Twas in the appropriate vale of Honey Creek,  
Which sweetened all the great Miami flood,  
Half score of miles from Dayton's environs  
In rich Ohio's lap. 'Twas when peace reigned  
Through all the land and plenty smiled to all.  
Hard by old Pisgah's templed hill of faith,  
A cottage, quite replete with plenty, peace,  
Refinement, love, was gladdened with a gem  
Immortal, full of beauty, with the kiss  
Of angels ; dimpled, on a sunbeam sent.  
A gift of God, held in his arms and blessed  
And smiled upon till it smiled back at heaven,  
Delighting the great Father, God, who spoke  
His benediction on this sacred child,

No less than heaven, earth bestowed its fruits,  
Thanksgiving for a gift so undeserved.  
July teemed out its golden cereal grain,  
Filled all the barns, the cribs, and store-house marts,  
While stacks superfluous towered to the sky  
And kissed the open hand of heaven, thrice,  
For such a cherub gift as EMELINE.  
The star of empire has a certain gleam,  
It is the star of hope in perigee ;  
But brighter dawns the natal star whose sheen,  
Tells incarnation of a seraph form ;  
Such was the birth of EMELINE. She grew  
In charms, in grace, in wisdom and in strength ;  
Now skimmed the clover with the honey bee ;  
Now with the robin sang among the groves ;  
Now cheered the hearthstone with a lightsome joy ;  
Now sipped the nectar with the humming-bird ;  
Now sweetened all the maple grove in spring

That flowed the sap with saccharine supply,  
A sugar dripping fountain where her hand  
Had touched, and, where her heart, there love had  
birth.

She saw the pallid angel death embalm  
Her infant brother, next in years, her mate;  
That solemn angel thus revealed his task,  
In mystery sad of veiling mortal life.  
But kindlier the Angel of all life,  
Supplied the vacant crib with other mate,  
A brother born to live, caress and love;  
Then in her heart, faith, hope and charity  
Were born. Faith said, "God will supply our  
want;"

Hope grasped the hand of God and found it full  
Of future weal; and charity divides  
From hand and heart of God, in equal shares,  
To other hands and hearts till all were full.  
Such were the early years of EMELINE.

'Twas Sabbath, and parental worship sought  
The house of prayer, but bade the youthful group  
Beware of strolling from the safe retreat  
Of home. But youthful speculation heeds  
No bounds; and braved they barriers enjoined,  
And sought the open field. O EMELINE!

This were a path of sadness to be led  
Astray! Thy tiny arm in penalty,  
Must yield with broken bone to falling fence,  
And writhe in pain to learn obedience;  
Effect, doth to the muzzle cause surcharge,  
Law hath its penalty for full redress,  
All sowing hath its reaping time ordained.  
More cheerful theme is rife. When autumn tinge  
Has painted every leaf with ochre gold  
Or crimson gay, then hied the roving group  
Beneath the walnut tree where falling nut

Browned all the earth ; or, where the ruddy thorn  
Displayed its beauty, or, the wild plum shed  
Its mellow luscious drupes, or, buckeye hung  
Its balls of brown, or where the wild grape smiled  
Upon the vine, its lips to meet the lips  
Of man in festival, or 'neath the shade  
Of apple tree, where fruit delicious strewed  
Wide, favored acres, tempting, juicy, sweet,  
With crimson blush, like to the cheek of her,  
Of EMELINE. Sedate was she beyond her years.  
Contentment, O how far from happy child !  
While gifts and graces, benefits and bliss  
Would most enhance the expectation cup.  
Could EMELINE be moved by spirit rife  
Of speculation ? How did other groups  
Domestic dwell, in daily bread and board ?  
Were all to cottages and toil adjudged ?  
Or were not palaces and mansions given  
To favored few ? For dear contentment's sake  
She solves the doubt. "Come, tarry at our home,"  
A sweet child said in invitation warm.  
Night came ; school ended ; pupils wended home ;  
And EMELINE by invitation bent  
To other's home, went scheming for a night.  
'Twas winter. Little feet found swollen stream  
Across the path ; fear moved ; but faith prevailed ;  
With hand enclosed in stronger hand, eyes closed,  
On friendly beam the stream was overpast ;  
But lo ! a mightier river lay before  
The Great Miami surges swept the sand,  
And consequent dismay arose for naught,  
For pilgrim feet were spared such deathly doom,  
Since destined goal hard by the river bank  
. Was reached. O horror ! founded on the sand !  
Prejudged by stern decree of heaven must fall.  
Here shanty-hut a habitation was,

With mad waves dashing at the very door.  
Within, was humble home of the child host.  
Three chairs, a modest table and a fire,  
The outfit was. A woman full of grief,  
Bent o'er the sluggish fire to weep and guard  
A frying morsel from a rind of pork;  
And with some musty crumbs their all provides.  
A staggering human thrust his carcass in,  
And this, alas, was master of the house!  
O, ghost of horror! is not this thy realm,  
Thy central den? So reasoned EMELINE.  
Sweet child, in bed of straw, wept slumber on  
And dreamed of home. Dread morning came apace.  
The sun delays not haste for mortal doom  
Of weal or woe. The sojourn ends. School bound,  
The trio haste; but lo! that river rolls;  
Home lay beyond; contentment gained its end;  
Child-like, on hand and knee, crept o'er the stream,  
She hailed with joy a blessed home at even;  
Drank every bliss of temperance and love;  
And boasted of a home surpassing all.  
'Tis not in man to boast exclusiveness,  
For happiness is unconfined, 'tis free  
To thousands who obey the laws of God  
And walk with him. Another scene this truth  
Imparts. Where plenty fills a Christian home,  
Permission leads and love invites from school.  
Peace dwelt within; the needle plied its art;  
Reposing cheerfulness enthroned around;  
The cat, supine, enjoyed the wide content;  
A feast was spread on snowy cloth, replete  
With rolls of white, with ham, preserves, rich fruits  
And viands free. God was invoked sincere;  
His peace was on the sacrifice displayed;  
His harmony prevailed, and EMELINE  
Foresaw the hand divine imparts to all.

God blessed the noonday basket too with much  
'Bove all the baskets of that happy school;  
'Tis the divine decree, "First seek God's will,  
Then shall be added all this competence."

How timid was the heart of EMELINE!  
In stately oak a clump of withered leaves  
Developed a similitude of man,  
Or superstitious ghost, a dread mirage,  
And forced within a palpitating fear.  
Shunned she, likewise, each massive beast and bird,  
Instinctive danger lurked in life uncaged.  
"Here, mount this petted filly," said the groom.  
'Twas done; but dashed the daring steed away,  
To distant barn with clang and clattering hoof;  
And, only bravest clench, persistent grasp,  
The goal in safety reached with fright amazed.

Alas! a world of thorns lurks everywhere;  
E'en tender grass conceals its poisoned fangs,  
And still decoys us to its charmed repose:  
So EMELINE reclined upon the swarth,  
And wearily bathed nature in sweet rest,  
But fate instilled its venom from the herbs,  
And limbs reclining, numb, absorbed the draft,  
And introduced affliction and disease  
In tender years; long tedious years of pain,  
Dismay infused, deep chills, from rooted soil;  
In all that dreary night, what sacrifice!  
Nor trip in playful glee, nor dance in joy,  
Nor merrily hie down the street to school,  
Could EMELINE. At dawn, health bloomed again  
In roses, when the soul's sad winter yields  
To verdant hopes and fragrant beauty's bloom.  
Sweet womanhood, in matchless charms arrayed,  
Crowned the fair form in nymphal symmetry,  
And noble qualities as crown a queen.  
A mind full rich in erudition's lore,

A heart bedecked with ornamental grace,  
A figure such as fairies flit within,  
A soul of cheerful peace and radiant joy,  
Samaritan in all the charities,  
Nay, more than these was happy EMELINE.  
And yet a higher, purer call inspired ;  
The virgin life bowed at its Maker's feet,  
And gemmed the heart with ornaments of grace.  
The souls abounding in the sweet repose  
Of Christ are beautiful, nay savory  
Of the divine. Young heart, soul, strength bestowed  
On God, is heaven's perfect type below.  
'Twas in the halcyon spring of palmy days,  
When EMELINE made peace with heaven's court,  
Adopted princess of the King of kings ;  
She rich became, inheritance divine,  
And joyful sang, the song immortal sang.  
O what an anchor to the wave-worn craft !  
What armor for the fray ! What wealth to win !  
To wrap eternal love around the soul,  
And rest forever in the Almighty arms !  
This was her bliss ; this woke all charity ;  
This breathed amenities divine ; this won  
The high co-operation of a God ;  
Begot the good, the beautiful, and true ;  
Defied adversity ; with might inspired ;  
And typified a seraphim of light ;  
Then 'tis the sickle thrusts the whited field,  
Directed by the charm of heavenly grace.

Yet who so pure at the Creator's throne  
Adores, as to preclude affection's bond,  
Toward the creature when ordained the Lord  
Them twain to be one flesh in holy love ?  
The young heart harmonizes with a touch  
Of zephyr love, 'tis passion's first essay ;  
The breeze increases, and the passion blows ;

Its spicy perfume balms the youthful heart ;  
Love faintly clings to learned \*pedagogue—  
What scholar ne'er inclined to faithful guide ?  
Such misanthrope would tempt a hangman's knot—  
And many an artless pedagogue attracts  
To middle ground 'twixt deep respect and love.  
The music master does not touch his chords  
In vain ; responsive is each sentiment ;  
Who sing together must together love.  
Amid these grave entanglements the youth  
Must wend his mental way, his heart must keep  
Intact, or yield as countless thousands do,  
And fix companionship for weal or woe.  
Some guardian angel guides the heart aright,  
Past other hearts which touch and tempt awhile,  
To the predestined only kindred heart,  
Ordained to unify in common bliss.  
So her affection like a climbing vine,  
Its tendrils sent, heaven guided to the clasp  
Of heaven determined prop, a sacred mate.  
As goes a ship amid the Tuscan sea,  
Charybdis clearing on the fatal left,  
Decoys of Scylla vading on the right,  
So passed she o'er the narrow social firth,  
Of tempting ties to womanly success.  
When the divine intent made human trust,  
And found an Adam waiting for his Eve.

Two roads may devious wind from distant vale ;  
Two roads may drag through forests drear and dark ;  
Or, o'er the barren waste, or rocky heath ;  
Or, mid productive glens and peopled fields :  
Or, wend throu... busy villages beyond ;  
Or, fruitful gardens lined with grateful shade ;  
And still converging to a common goal ;  
So near they several run for distant leagues,

That parallel the trains pursue their way  
Scarce sundered by an intervening belt;  
Now hidden each by rising grove or glen,  
Now by the deep defile or narrow hill,  
Yet ever and anon with glimpses blest  
Across the way. So kindred souls may walk  
As strangers whilst the fullness come of time.  
God holds the tether of the hearts; decreed  
To beat in unison when pathways verge  
Upon a common way. The throng diverse  
May strangely mingle, pass and disappear,  
Devoid of sympathetic law, congenial.  
Commissions God, for all, an angel guard,  
Which move magnetic souls instinctively,  
In strange impulsive mystery to blend,  
Two hearts then drink devotion in ideal,  
Fair image of futurity inwronght.  
When sight is only faith, some fairy form,  
Seems present, and the heart adores and loves;  
Nor is it fancy's dream adown the years,  
But God and angels weaving gossamers,  
Invisible, that soul to soul shall bind,  
Unconsciously, on an enchanted ground,  
Of near proximity. So now, this noble son  
And EMELINE approximated near  
Converging still. Presence, incognito,  
Once fate decreed. 'Twas at a nuptial feast  
Of mutual friend, this twain unintroduced,  
Unknown, in same procession freely moved;  
Not eye caught eye, although so near, nor ear  
To ear responds, for faith must have its price,  
But holy breezes fanned the atmosphere,  
And strange delight had carpeted the earth  
And heavenly horizon lumed the heart,  
As when Astronomer fair Herschel saw  
Careening from her path in devious orb,

Existence predicates of other star,  
Its place defines, and points the telescope,  
Discovering the planet Neptune near,  
So might keen observation, vision take,  
Of strange attraction in these youthful souls,  
Unconscious all of adequate design ;  
And silent voices whispered, "Blessed pair."  
Prospective consummation made to faith  
Fruition's counterpart ; the guardian group  
The secret penetrate, of future bliss  
But Deity commanded, "Wait and watch  
Ye angel bands. Conceal from these the plan,  
Concenter all their loves on Heaven's King  
A season." Thus the fates the tethers drew  
Away, away, and made invisible  
The sacred form that held a jewel heart  
Each from the other. Years with years must blend,  
December tracks that nuptial scene of May.  
The crystal flakes of heaven shroud the earth,  
And sleigh bells tintinnabulate their cheer ;  
A distant temple with the voice of song,  
In universal concert must resound,  
Far, far away the invitation spread.  
Then EMELINE, a noble guest attends.  
Prime voice to charm in chorus she, amid  
The throng the angel guard attracts alike  
This "gracious gift of God," hid in the mass.  
Conceal the cautious messengers of heaven,  
Their youthful charges, each from each, and fix  
More firm the mystery of fate, then draw  
The silent curtain deep between and urge  
The tethers with their precious wards away.  
And night came on till the reveille call.

## DECade III.

From youth to man, the life, gradations takes,  
From man, the hero in his zenith mounts,  
Then down the slopes of age he seeks the grave,  
Wherein the weary second childhood rests.

Between these wide extremes are weal and woe,  
Fair fortune, loss or gain, in various shades,  
That mould the angel or the future demon form.  
Within this formative decade we sweep  
The future for companionship by choice,  
Wise heaven's choice, or in rebellion fall  
In snares forbidden and lie down in woe.  
None so replete of caution as the choice  
Of marital companion for the heart.

'Twere fitting that the sacred source of love  
Be traced within the sanctuary wall,  
Where holy love association finds  
As images of spiritual sight.

'Twas autumn ; and the trellis of the sky  
Supported well the fleecy scirrus cloud ;  
The crimson maple stood upon the hill  
Enthroned with gorgeous fringed maturity ;  
The zephyr played among the growing corn ;  
Both field and forest vied to fill with fruit  
The spacious barns, the gifts of nature stored  
Within the embrace of art ; calm peace prevailed  
To every creature jubilating high,  
In harvest song. The mellow solar rays  
Sloped from the equinoctial roof of day,  
To lend enchantment to the hand divine.  
The holy Sabbath ushered in its rest,  
And feasted Christian faith with thought of Heaven,  
And filled the morning ; closing day displayed  
Its loveliness, and knelt the worshippers  
Where Pisgah's hill-top oft procured a view

Of Canaan's fields and skies ; then eye to eye  
 Saw EMELINE the personage, unknown,  
 A cheerful, youthful, solemn worshipper,  
 Among the throng ; then eye to eye alike,  
 This "Blest of God" saw charming EMELINE,  
 Unknown, yet full of grace, devout and sad ;  
 Beheld they each, devout, before the throne ;  
 Then ends the day of prayer, and vanish all  
 To distant homes, and fate again bedimmed  
 This vision to the vale of the unknown,  
 And left the palpitation of a dream.

O, Guardians weep your bitter tears, in grief,  
 Atone the duress self imposed on man !  
 Two ways near wedded, yet two nights must glare,  
 And deviations sore and sad must part,  
 In twain, the cherished charge of seraph care,  
 Two souls must grope in darkness, Israel-like,  
 Though Canaan's borders fascinate the eye,  
 Its grapes, the taste entrance, immerged again  
 Into a fearful wilderness, despoiled  
 Of hope ; so these must minor loves obey.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Back in the halcyon days, ere man was fallen,  
 When bloomed perennial flower, sang every voice  
 Eve feared no rival heart, no Adam sullen,  
 Roamed for another, but blessed heaven's choice.

Down in the midst of years, love gropes benighted,  
 Vexed by uncertain voice, siren or true ;  
 Thus wandered EMELINE, charmed and invited,  
 Far from the angel guards swift to pursue.

From the convergent path, her footsteps sever,  
 Snapping the tether bond from the divine ;  
 Forming alliances, predestined never :  
 Bitterness waiteth, estranged from the line.

What will the angels do, how can they lead us,  
 When from the will of God, love aberrates?  
 Will they defend us now, praying will heed us,  
 Pity our bondage and open the gates?

Lingers affection oft, fervent caressing,  
 Set 'gainst transplanting firm, set to the grave;  
 Far from the will of God, far from his blessing;  
 Yet balms he wounded hearts, tender to save.

Daughter of sorrow weep, first love is blighted,  
 First fruits must sacrifice meekly to heaven;  
 Then falls the dew of God, cheers the benighted  
 Faithful in trial when spirits are riven.

First love must rise to God, soul, mind and spirit,  
 Creature denying love, deity due;  
 Then spreads the higher law, earth to inherit,  
 When the emotions to heaven are true.

“ Be thou contented dove, caution thy wooing,  
 'Tis not the will of Heaven, others to greet;  
 Fly to the cot of love, proffer thy cooing,  
 Waits thee another, prostrate at thy feet.

Drop those dear pledges down, Heaven commands thee,  
 Manly that charmer is, noble, sincere;  
 Beautiful work of God, his fate withstands thee,  
 Hope would depart thee, inheriting fear.

Graciously waiteth thee spirits in mourning,  
 God holds the choice of Heaven, slighted, concealed.”  
 Tears paid the wanderer, gladly returning,  
 Glad at the daylight of heaven revealed.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Our hero, “ Gracious gift of God,” desponds,  
 And interdicted love premeditates.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

To err is contagious, exemption is heaven,  
 To return is salvation when God has forgiven ;  
 So while EMELINE far to the right deviates,  
 Still farther to left errs her consort of fates.

For a nymphet all sylvan and fairy enchanters,  
 Beguiling with beauty, a love germ implants  
 In the heart of the hero and wins him away,  
 In attraction centrifugal, darkens his day.

Not angel guard whispers could shun the device,  
 So angel guard pinions depart for the skies,  
 And wait the new mandate of heaven's decree,  
 Ere they dip in the ether of earth's solemn sea.

Lo ! the voice of the throne in pity displays ;  
 " Go, ye angels no powers your voyage delays,  
 Recall the poor wanderer back to his love,  
 Go tender him blessings and helps from above."

Eager winged dart the messengers down to the field,  
 Bearing love, peace and joy, not sabre or shield ;  
 They whisper to faithfulness fresh from the skies,  
 They strengthen old vows, they renew former ties.

" Come away erring worshipper, come from thy shrine,  
 'Tis idolatry worshipping else than divine ;  
 'Tis the voice of a charmer enchantment instills,  
 While pure, holy passion it freezes and chills.

Go hie thee again to thy forsaken bride,  
 Go treasure affection ordained to abide ;  
 Pass back to the holy-lined highway of love,  
 Let man's will upon earth be God's will above."

The angels are victors, the rover returns,  
 And harmony hovers where holy love yearns.  
 The strolling is ended ; two hearts are at peace ;  
 All time may not sever, all death not release.

Moons waxed and waned, full four and twenty  
orbs,  
Moons fraught with mental toil, in earnest might,  
When manhood strong, and noble womanhood  
Adorned the pair; then sang the guardian choir  
A song of kindred souls; for heaven yields  
Their wards to salutation; angels lead  
This hero of a thousand joys within  
The sacred presence of his EMELINE.  
Adown the distant highway led the leash  
Of guardian spirit; in the vale of charms.  
Before the cottage lawn was EMELINE,  
Clad in the garb of industry, all fresh  
From exercise, of blushing beauty full.  
The growing tendril of the vine may reach  
Th' approaching twig, breeze-wafted, of an oak,  
And bowing oak and bending vine may clasp  
'Til death their knitting bonds and stable trunk  
In oneness, this the strong support, and that  
Th' intoxicating wine of its embrace.  
So bowed this yeoman, and the angel guard  
Relaxed his stricture and the heart inclined,  
Enchanted, held, leaped all impediment;  
So she, with tendrils of the heart unclasped,  
Obeyed the whispers of the guardian throng,  
Confirming the alliance made in heaven.  
Said he, "Tell me the path to yonder roof."  
The lips may speak, the eyes portent, but heart  
Discovers all; 'twas road to happiness,  
And roof domestic more engaged his theme.  
Replied she, "Yes, conform to the highway,  
Pursue the right, ascend the hill, fear not,  
And enter in." The interview was done;  
The guardians spurred the tether of his heart,  
And whispered, "On." Then vanished he, inspired  
With love. "Yes" has a charm from woman's lips,

'Tis typical of unity ; her words  
Had all a symbol beauty of the path  
Of life. So mused he on the prophecy.

O Muse ! again inspire ; a double task  
Arrests our theme. These tributaries meet,  
Yet pour awhile, unmixed, along the banks.  
'Twas sacred evening on the day of God.  
The home of EMELINE, invites sojourn  
Of many moons to the blest stranger there,  
Presides he in the temple of the mind,  
To inspire its youth. The mariner may find  
A haven from the storm ; the soldier rest  
Within his citadel ; the traveler  
May find at eve a caravansary ;  
So may a soul its hidden treasure find,  
Domestic bliss. The formal word of sire  
Announced, " My daughter, noble sir ; be pleased  
To stay." Association, thus begun,  
Found many an avenue to fan the flame,  
To fix the purpose and the life inspire.  
Thus seven moons passed freely as the years  
Of Jacob for his Rachel, wrought in love.  
Now harmonized the pair on themes of song ;  
Now on the pathos nature interposed ;  
Now in the tintinnabulation bells ;  
Now meditating in a common mood.  
Lips were commanded to be mutely clasped  
Against this theme of love ; but yet the vine  
Must knit its silent tendrils round the oak,  
'The oak must spread caressing branches for  
Its vine. If God inseparably joins  
With benedictions those he matched in heaven,  
They twain may exiles be, and severed far ;  
The globe may spread its vast diameter  
Between ; e'en death may summon one away,  
The other spare ; but distance, exile, death

Are harmless to the fibres of the soul ;  
Its hopes, its fears, its loves immortal grow.  
Eternity is livened by the love  
Of souls that fraternize. This sojourn ends.  
Beguiles away stern toil. Long years and leagues  
Must intervene ere consummation breathe  
Its final flame. A competence must smile ;  
It calls ; he heeds ; the University  
Confers its Baccalaureate prize ; and last,  
The call professional must lure to fields  
Remunerate. O, what an enemy  
Is Time to the demands of tender hearts !  
Yet intervening time begets the age  
Epistolary in the path of love,  
Inspires the pen, and breathes upon the page,  
The dove commissions as its carrier,  
And loads it with the olive leaf of peace.  
Such was the task of him and EMELINE.

Formality has made but dupes of kings ;  
It fashions all discrimination down  
Of child-like faith and man's sincerity ;  
It takes the motive from the blest intent  
Of friend ; it blurs the language of the heart,  
To serve the purpose of the head ; 'tis war  
Between the head and heart. Thus full of love,  
That pledged a time for speechless secrecy,  
Affection, unconfessed, pleads earnestly  
For liberty and wings to send its dove.

There is a golden era in the life  
Of youth, when full of fear, the oracles  
Are sought for fortune's nods and legacies.  
Attractive beauty passes and allures.  
The oracle declares, " Away." Next comes  
A goddess with her realm of wealth and bids  
To buy the heart—" All these I'll give to thee,  
If thou wilt worship at my golden shrine."

The faithful oracle replies “ Beware.”  
The enchanting coquette passes in array  
Subtly inviting homage of the heart ;  
But warns our oracle again. Thus pass  
The vast defile before the worshipper ;  
Wealth, beauty, hollow smiles to allure away ;  
But covenanting angels never err  
Since guides Omniscience to his own behests.  
Now flies their theme of love on written page  
Annihilating distance and full years  
Thrice told of time. Behold their messengers.

(LETTER 1, FROM VERNON, APRIL 12, 1857.)

In distant state, on Vernon hill,  
Sweet memory may meet thee still.  
Peninsula of curving tide,  
Invites a city by its side.  
High crags environ the suburb,  
Deep caves the strata would disturb.  
Here wisdom dwells, from ancient store,  
They mingle astronomic lore.  
Here men grow strong, but never old,  
They plant red vines in virgin mould.  
This is not home, nor friend is here,  
Yet Christ speaks friendship everywhere.  
This sacred word, dear friend, receive,  
Forever love, forever live.

(ANSWER, APRIL 15.)

Joy, quietness, leisure,  
Crown Saturday eve,  
For Sabbath is dawning,  
On labor's reprieve.  
When leisure is granted,  
When vision is fair,

Thy form sits beside me,  
 In the old rocking chair.  
 Rosy cheeks smile in fancy,  
 A maiden day-dream,  
 For thou art in Vernon,  
 This eventide's gleam.  
 In virtue be faithful,  
 In manhood be pure,  
 For God pays the worthy  
 E'en temporal store.

(LETTER 2, FROM VERNON, MAY 9, 1857.)

Pen pictures from the friends agone,  
 Are like the golden shining  
 Of Magi's orient star adown  
 With beams of azure lining.  
 The spring sun mounts, his zenith founts ;  
 Stern winter's gone, from wood and lawn ;  
 And summer paints with fining.

Bright birds fly down the hill of God,  
 And harmonize clear ether,  
 Then skim aloft where angels trod,  
 On fairy wing and feather.  
 Fair fortune smiles, and hope beguiles,  
 Yet fortune's frown, oft wins a crown ;  
 Heaven bless us, both together.

(ANSWER, JUNE 9.)

O thanks for the sentiment born in the sky,  
 Worldliness withers but worth cannot die.  
 That bright panorama the Bible displays,  
 All sparkles with diamonds, the Wisdom of Days.  
 Thy flowers, O Eden, thy gifts Bethlehem,  
 Have platted believers a rich diadem.

Then shun the base fortune that worldliness hoards,  
And gather the rubies that wisdom affords.

(LETTER 3, OCT. 15, ROCHESTER.)

My pen is ever free,  
In sentiment to thee,  
A happy forever leaps onward, this river,  
In falls of Genessee,  
Pure type of liberty.

Ontario keeps waving,  
Its terrace ever laving,  
Enlarged by this fountain, which pours from the mountain,  
The sea bird skims its foam,  
While on its shores we roam.

Green Arborvitæ greet us,  
And fruits abundant meet us,  
The gold grain abounding, is nature's surrounding.  
The mist clouds are complaining,  
The white sail dip careening.

The interval, enchanted,  
In fertile growth is planted,  
Here talent potential serves God reverential,  
Yet memories move us,  
To seek hearts that love us.

(ANSWER, OCT. 22.)

At the fireside, lone, I ponder,  
Ponder then of thee,  
How kind heaven bids thee wander,  
Type of liberty.  
In the long ago a brother,  
Member of our band,  
Wandered, as of old another,

To a distant land.  
Memory songs he sang in childhood,  
    Float back from the west,  
Where the territorial wildwood  
    Bears him on its breast.  
On Atlantic, on Pacific,  
    On the solid land,  
What are pilgrims, when omnipotent  
    Guardians for us stand?

(LETTER 4, NOV. 20, FROM LAFAYETTE.)

Onward, onward, the iron rail,  
    Has borne my feet from Niagara,  
To the distant west, where a sea of sail  
    Seems cities afloat on the wide prairie.

How broad the world! how swift is time!  
    There are volumes of fate divinely sealed;  
A brotherhood made he every clime,  
    Who sweetens the destiny he revealed.

He can tame the winds and lay at his feet,  
    And the lightning of God from the sky of its birth,  
Who describes the roar of Niagara's sheet,  
    Can humble the storm on the bosom of earth.

The incarnate thoughts of deity live,  
    And my vow was heard in heaven to-day,  
Where nature a token of God shall give,  
    Through fields of science, I'll wend my way.

(LETTER 5, JAN. 22, 1858, UNIVERSITY.)

The Golden Age, God freely tenders all,  
    The good, the wise, the great to fortune call;  
Again I roam amid that realm of youth,  
    Again I strive to win its gems of truth.

Pierus pours its mental current down,  
 And strips the Sphynx's brow, the man's to crown.  
 The Christian strives to fill the humble sphere,  
 God rounded off for man's probation here.  
 O, life boats ! Memory and Hope, sail on !  
 Lisp to the cradle that, this show the crown.  
 Come, serenade ye angels our frail tent,  
 Accord your harmony to mortals lent.  
 Around our Eden draw the flaming sword,  
 Our slumbers fan, our vision raise, and guard  
 This firmament of soul, this dusty clay,  
 Till 'neath the curtain merge the shining way.  
 This sacred city is a gate to bliss,  
 Its people taste, impart and cherish peace.  
 With truth and grace thy memory, I weave ;  
 May it perpetual inspiration give.

(ANSWER, FEB. 4.)

Society may hide its cheer,  
 But silent voices all may hear,  
 When wakes sweet memory the pen,  
 And faith enlivens vision's ken,  
 Groping, hoping, fearing, cheering,  
 Silken cords attract again.

A problem is life's every stage,  
 From laughing babe to solemn age ;  
 But when the pious good surround,  
 When Providence and grace abound,  
 Chiding, guiding, sparing, sharing,  
 Man's primal paradise is found.

Yonder bears the bier of death,  
 A \*saint who conquered by the faith ;  
 Though gloomy is the winter snow,

\*Mrs. J. K.

And cheerless mourners homeward go,  
Sighing, crying, waking, aching,  
The soul released is not below.

Yonder shines the bloom of life,  
Newly plighted \*man and wife;  
Genial they band to day,  
Heart and hand they wend their way,  
Proving, loving, vying, dying,  
“Until death,” the nuptials say.

(LETTER 6, MARCH 27, UNIVERSITY.)

Thy gentle emotions, stroll far from the task,  
In Elysian field’s prospect, let memory bask;  
The sunshine of summer, God’s spirit instills,  
As spring, shuffling winter, with paradise fills.  
The soul smiles with joy when the world blooms  
with flowers,

And the palace of nature is shaded with bowers.  
Hail Botany! fragrantly bloom o’er the world,  
As the banner of God from his palace unfurled.  
The nectar that drops from the disk of the day,  
Regales the lone pilgrim who faints in the way.  
The evergreen cliff and the carpeted vale  
Are the Brussels of Nature, the student’s “All-hail.”  
With being absorbed in prophetical sight,  
With Providence painting the earth with his light,  
Whatever the objects of heart worship be,  
Its center is vacant and garnished for Thee.

(ANSWER, APRIL 15.)

I’ve tarried in the house of wealth,  
Where wine and bourbon poured their health,  
But ne’er for me they flow,

\*J. W.

But youthful lips they moist in stealth,  
And seize the heart with woe.

Glad from the house of mirth I fly,  
And rest in Sabbath reverie,  
To foster hopes of bliss.

Our valley home is dressed with green ;  
The modest brook winds the ravine ;  
Each step the flowers kiss.

The mansions down the highway shine,  
The grape vines to the maple twine.

As twines the heart in love,  
A happy saint, whom all revere,  
Has sprinkled dews of heaven here,  
And twined our faith above.

I rest me in the old arm chair,  
I write me at the table where,  
Thine own dear thoughts were wont to share,  
As shares the mated dove.

(LETTER 7, APRIL 30, UNIVERSITY.)

Old Time flurries his fortunes, and falls to decay ;  
Potations intoxicate mind ;  
But the pure mental draughts will immortally stay,  
And thought's golden alchemy find.  
Then gossip may die on the breeze,  
While letters float rivers of peace ;  
Prosperity's smiles kill adversity's wiles,  
Refreshing like dew on the trees.

Some bask in the sunny isles over the sea,  
And cull the sweet flowery palm ;

Some muse over anthem or serenade glee,  
Or chant the delight of a psalm.

But how can a captive from home,  
Sing songs of Zion and roam ?

Then drink ye the cup, drink each social drop,  
Domestic draught sparkling in foam.

Thou tyrant Ambition, thy throne mounts a cloud,  
 Thy palace floor reeks with a stain,  
 Thy red iron sceptre is painted with blood,  
 And thou drinkest the blood of the slain.  
 Then let our petitions arise,  
 Home, friends, appeal to the skies ;  
 For the spirit of peace, each petition will bless,  
 In the name of the Great Sacrifice.

(ANSWER, May 19.)

Time rolls to decay, youth passes away,  
 And childhood's loved friends,  
 Inhabit the shroud, and life's pilgrimage ends.  
 O, it were a delight, at the setting of night,  
 The home circle to meet,  
 To sing "*Home, Sweet Home*," and its echo repeat.  
 Where sacrifice calls, each obstacle falls,  
 In manliness found,  
 Faith's fight wins a crown, if God's grace abound,  
 Then let effort aspire, nor quench the desire.  
 The future will prove,  
 And fill thy ambition with sanctified love.

(LETTER 8, AUGUST 8, UNIVERSITY.)

Visionary is the rest,  
 Vacation proffers to us ;  
 Studies are an earnest test,  
 Abstraction running through us,  
 But the bonds of friendship grip,  
 Their pressing coils around us,  
 To form the cup and feed the lip,  
 Where feasting friendship crowned us.  
 Oft we list to memory bells, which peal our strolls of  
 leisure,

Songs of fountains full of bliss, brimmed with lavish  
measure.

With the rapid gleam of light,  
Years of joy succeed our night.

When promotion gleams afar,  
Like a rising natal star.

Corresponding duties cloy,  
Yet hope and perseverance dare,

To mix the shining cup with joy,  
For a season glowing,

Final bliss foregoing,  
'Til liquid blue eyes,

Ah ! blue as skies,

Daguerreotype the mystic sheen,

The star dust crush,  
And dip your brush,

Then you'll paint their glance, I ween.

(ANSWER, AUGUST 17.)

Stay my spirit friend with me ;

Solitude must vanish ever,  
If alone with God and Thee,

I could spend a bright forever ;  
Lonely is a myriad throng,  
Sporting revelry and song.

Nature trills with serenades,

Bird and insect in the chorus ;  
Turn the key when care invades,

And stand books and thoughts before us,  
Filled with wisdom of the sage,  
Love of youth and lore of age.

O, how brightens all the valley,  
Of the crystal Yellow Springs ;  
Fondly recollections rally,  
Round the charm fruition brings,

As to this retreat they stray,  
Calling up that summer day.

Fragrance sweet from bitter flowers,  
Falls as odors from the Giver,  
Vain is thoughtless wish of ours,  
To evade the bitter ever;  
Bitter comes; it must and will,  
Yet sweetens all thy memory still.

(LETTER 9, AUGUST 28, UNIVERSITY.)

At eve when other calls are still,  
When shadows climb the eastern hill,  
And dews their reverie instill,  
All breathe thy name.  
The bees fly laden to the cell,  
The brooks their pebbled harp-strings swell,  
The soft sweet winds their wanderings tell,  
Thou art their theme.

The cable spans the ocean's breast,  
While heart to heart, two nations, blest,  
Speak amity, and peace and rest,  
So speaks my pen;  
Though matter shrink, the mind expands;  
The heart survives, if fall the hands,  
We shall outlive these wasting sands,  
We'll cheer us then.

(ANSWER, SEPTEMBER 11.)

Clear September inspires,  
And with gratitude fires,  
A bountiful being of holy desires;  
O thou home of my birth,  
With thy flood tides of mirth!  
Let thy gossamer gladness flit free round the hearth.

Once I heard a dear maid,  
Who at death's door was laid,  
And her triumph then, has my faith ever staid ;  
As we stood at death's door,  
Her song reached yon shore,  
"The songs of my trials with me now are o'er."

O, the language of flowers,  
From significant bowers,  
And a typical tongue full of sentiment powers ;  
'Tis the heart blooming sweet,  
From the lovers' retreat,  
When its fragrant libations are poured at the feet

(LETTER 10, OCT. 1, UNIVERSITY.)

Bells, chime your quivering chorus,  
    Bells at the hour of prayer,  
Bells trill the college o'er us,  
    Bells charm the student there.  
Bells call home to the cottage,  
    At morning, noon and night,  
Ring in the soul's guest chamber,  
    Leading the footsteps right.

Penciled the memory shimmers,  
    Penciled our hopes and fears ;  
Bright the pavilion glimmers,  
    That holds the former years.  
In the celestial summer,  
    In the illumined day  
Memory bells will murmur,  
    Of the distant far away.

Ring ye the truths of science,  
    Ring round the fields of thought,  
Ring on the streams of fancy,  
    Ring where old chaos wrought ;

Now conquer in the conquest,  
All the fair land of springs,  
Drink at its flowing fountains,  
Where the memory bell rings.

Up on the hills of science,  
Many are the seekers there,  
Picnics, prospects and pleasures,  
In these regions fair;  
Arbors are spiced with breezes,  
Fruits are ambrosial and free,  
Vocal choristers singing,  
This is the land for me.

Fight for the battle rages,  
Fling out the colors high,  
The cross is the watchword ever,  
Lift it towards the sky.  
Break all the leeward bridges,  
Cut off your own retreat,  
All oppositions vanish,  
Bravely defy defeat.

Each womanly prayer is potent,  
God his great finger lifts,  
If a petition rises,  
Falls from his fingers, gifts.  
Write me then words of comfort,  
Write with the spirit's flame,  
Speak with the symbol of flowers,  
Speak in heaven's name.

(ANSWER, OCT. 18.)

The glory of sunset has crowned a bright day,  
The fleece clouds in gold fringe and buoyancy play.  
When God paints the canvas of heaven, earth or sea,  
How meagre the pencil of mortal must be.

Heaven, heaven, earth and sea,  
Display your bright handiwork ever to me.

'Tis morning within, for the heart is aglow ;  
In the sunrise of peace the Christian may know ;  
The spirit of God paints his glory within,  
For crimson 'tis white, 'tis pardon for sin :

Peace, peace, sweet, sweet peace,  
The power of God is the bond of his peace.

(LETTER 11, NOVEMBER 27, UNIVERSITY.)

Here comes the snow adown the upper sky,  
Dissolving on the earth its crystal form ;  
Shall life of plant and worm oblivious die,  
And solemn shroud enwrap them from the storm ?

Variety must sport in heat and cold,  
Thought plumed with truth flies freely round the world,  
We drink the sage realities of old  
When lo, the cup is in the future ocean hurled !

Prospecting thus with telescope, then I,  
The past and present one request do make,  
Thy *miniature*, my heart to vivify  
Grant this request for biding friendship's sake.

Thy miniature of heart and hope and mind,  
Already decks the album of my soul,  
Each life is but a picture, checker-lined,  
Where vivid joy or shades of grief control.

In youth, the pencil lustrous color throws,  
In manhood, parti-colored lines of hope and fear,  
In age, the sombre, mellow sunset glows,  
And last, time's brush displays the solemn bier.

There hangs a picture 'neath the eternal veil,  
'Tis of the soul upon the Tree of Life,  
A guardian angel balmed its final wail,  
And God his, " Well done," uttered in the strife.

I've marked the precious gems that fill His law,  
Until the holy book with pencil marks is full,  
And, as the texts of comfort legions grow,  
I drew one vast parenthesis round all.

(ANSWER JANUARY 8, 1859.)

Yes, holidays have shivered by ;  
Their parties and festivity  
Are dreams that breathe no more,  
Their friendly offerings of peace,  
Affection's gifts of happiness,  
Each lover heart shall store.

Some hearts beats under gifts of gown,  
Wife, mother, sister hand hath sown,  
While fur, or ring, or dress,  
Beloved companion forms adorn,  
And children dance from night till morn,  
And toys and books caress.

And you shall have the *miniature*,  
Its mission shall be good and pure,  
A friend, with words to cheer ;  
Strive with its help, be stronger far,  
Strive earnestly in solemn war,  
In danger never fear.

The sacred Nile in History trace,  
Its temples, tombs and triumphs place,  
In gathered foreign lore ;  
The Greek and Latin conquer well,  
The Hebrew of old Israel,  
Dig from its hidden store.

In science trace out every trail,  
In mathematic strife prevail,  
Warm at its mental fires.

While pictures may produce delight,  
Dear forms are buried out of sight,  
Whose pictured soul inspires.

(LETTER 12, JANUARY 22, UNIVERSITY.)

O thanks for the miniature promised to me,  
O thanks for encouragements given,  
It softens the winter that blows on the sea,  
To gaze on the crystal of Heaven.  
We are reading in Hebrew the sketch of the world,  
As creation inspired the pen,  
How man, for unrest, was from Paradise hurled,  
And cut his life three-score and ten.  
These original languages drink up the blood  
We in starlight antiquity grope,  
In the ark of a Noah we sail o'er the flood,  
With Paul we make conquest in hope.  
The fossils of yore, in the cabinet found,  
Our chapel has bivouacked there,  
We build greater temple with more glory crowned,  
Which all generations may share.

(ANSWER, FEBRUARY 4.)

This brief reply :  
Vacation nigh,

Then board the lightning train ;  
Valve whistles, steam bristles,  
Stations past, to the last,  
Rattling wheels, home reveal,  
I'll hail thee once again.

Then persevere,  
Despite all fear,  
As classic shades depart,  
Be the pen silent then,  
That the voice may rejoice,  
As each word shall be heard,  
With sentiment of heart.

(LETTER 13, MARCH 12, UNIVERSITY.)

Farewell, dear friend, and home farewell,  
Vacation o'er, we may not dwell.  
Four homes we have, the home above,  
The home of school, the home of love,  
Our parent's and our childhood's home,  
Are centers whence earth's pilgrims roam.  
Love, heaven and childhood ope their doors,  
As home of school imparts its stores.  
Some enter with anxiety,  
Some chide a mind as wild as free,  
Some dissipations past lament,  
In books and labors not content,  
Force application with a rod,  
Requite the conscience, trust in God.  
The storm drifts lightest chaff away,  
While solid, golden grain will stay.  
Each destiny a pivot holds,  
Well balanced while the life unfolds.  
All round us floats the voice of song,  
The soil is good where harps are strung;  
E'er since the Morning Stars awoke,  
And music from the heavens broke,  
The hundred and the forty-four,  
Harped thousands sang with wrapt encore,  
E'er since the inner song of souls,  
Its tributary outward rolls,  
The mortal and immortal chord,  
In chorus lead by heaven's bard.  
Two lives in one can best agree,  
If tuned by one eternity.  
This Sabbath is embalmed with songs,  
While sun his golden path prolongs,  
And lifts the mind in lofty flights,  
To crown each life with wrapt delights.

Beasts, men and angels have their spheres,  
 Enjoyments graded as their years ;  
 O what a joy it is to live,  
 When soul, mind, spirit joy receive !  
 Had prophet told us of the bliss,  
 When infant lips first learned to kiss,  
 Which grows with manhood's wider years,  
 Our faith would hardly conquer fears,  
 But God's great promises unfold,  
 Felicity in Heaven's gold.

(ANSWER, MARCH 23.)

Sweet changes only sift the grain :  
 If varied rainbow is unfurled,  
 The tokens of a God remain,  
 His peace shall conquer all the world.  
 Heaven moves its servants to their fame,  
 Of timid youth makes giant men,  
 If tearful eyes inspire a flame,  
 It blazes up to heaven again.  
 These weeping windows of the heart,  
 Which shower secrets from its skies,  
 Of life, a fruitful growth impart,  
 Beyond the storm the sun may shine,  
 A balmy charm to nature give,  
 The genial sky touched so divine,  
 Is but the home where angels live.

(LETTER 14, APRIL 1, UNIVERSITY.)

Not formal display nor beautiful features,  
 'Tis sympathy moves us to love fellow-creatures.  
 To make each biography a revelation,  
 Discussing each mortal and weighing his station,  
 Is a theme not so charming when friends choose a topic,  
 As is charity's mood, at the warmth of the tropic.

There's ethics has virtue imparting its power,  
Enough for salvation to all every hour;  
There's a gospel of peace contained in a letter,  
Which binds the true heart as if chained with a fetter.  
When the hand of Omnipotence wipes tears of sorrow,  
'Tis his token to raise to the skies on the morrow.  
All truth is so precious an angel can't write it,  
So divine is all charity time cannot blight it.

(ANSWER, APRIL 15.)

If the vision could transport me,  
Unobserved, unknown to night,  
I would ride a beam of light,  
I would in thy halls delay,  
And with secrecy comport me;  
Each auditor would be my theme,  
Each life the subject of my dream,  
I'd fly at break of day.

The hill and vale are carpeted.  
The new bud gently greets the noon,  
The raindrop glitters in the sun;  
A million starry gems spring up,  
From dewy leaf and moistened blade,  
The sun-flame gleams from sparkling brook,  
While sings a bird from every nook,  
And spring has sweetened every cup.

But see a flash lights up the sky,  
A thunder crash disturbs the air,  
The sombre cloud is pouring where,  
Each tender touch of beauty grew.  
The floods all industry defy,  
They dash along the valley's feet;  
And leave a desolate retreat,  
As desolation reigns anew.

(LETTER 15, APRIL 23, UNIVERSITY.)

Miss EMELINE, the eager path of youth,  
Is paved with gems on table lands of truth,  
Smooth to the feet our Guardian Father made,  
        “ Ne'er faint,” He said.

Above us shine with flame the senior's stars,  
Whose dignity, assumed, outweighs their scars,  
With reverence we gaze upon their lore  
        A few days more.

No dressing-gown is like the robe of God,  
Whose righteousness within may spare the rod ;  
The rags of poverty may into cinders fall,  
        God knows it all.

The noblemen of truth may shine in crowns,  
While devotees of fashion sink in frowns.  
The dear Christ fills the album of his breast,  
        With all the blest.

Upon the mountain-top of faith to-day I heard,  
A man proclaim the Beautiful, the Word ;  
Sublime appeal to force the kingdom down,  
        And seize a crown.

The hall of honor cast, of late, its choice  
For chieftain, and its princely major voice  
Promotion brought to this unworthy dust,  
        Of highest trust.

’Tis “ Easter ;” and the resurrection theme,  
Makes golden link to every golden dream ;  
Expunge this chapter of the Risen Slain,  
        You hope in vain.

There is a gemmy “ picture ” greets my eye,  
Which speaks prospective of the “ by and by,”  
It says, “ Be good, be innocent and pure,  
        Let faith mature.”

(ANSWER, "QUEEN OF SPRING," 5.)

Child again! child again! swinging in the May-time,  
Relaxing from the woman, to recall the days of yore;  
In the soil we planted kernels for the future,  
Raiment and provision; God will bless the store.

It awaits the raindrops, and the dew of heaven,  
Ard the singing world is knocking at the door  
Nature has its bright side shining through the window,  
Shining with the shimmers of the far-off shore.

Joy to a sister, once bereft of a brother,  
Rumor comes afloat from the far distant west,  
That the dear one, love-drawn, homeward wends him  
weary,  
"Tis an idle rumor?" heaven knoweth best.

Out through the window-pane, vision stops to wander,  
Our birds invite me, singing in the tree;  
Sing they sweeter far, than broods born in the forest,  
Beauty of the morning, makes them sing for me.

(LETTER 16, MAY 14, UNIVERSITY.)

Ah, well I know the rural charms,  
That bloom like fields upon the farms,  
Yet could I paint emotion with a pen,  
And introduce a city full of men,  
If poetry could sing,  
Like angels on the wing,  
Our shaded streets would lend the song,  
Our birds inspired would thrill the throng;  
The blue sky above is a starry sea of light,  
Stretching far away through the curtain of the night.

Far down the river bank to-day,  
Attracted by the mirth of May,  
There wandered far a group of nimble feet,  
The luxuries of nature there to greet;

Sweet ecstasy was there,  
And crystal founts so fair;  
The foliage of fragrant flowers,  
Had scented well sweet nature's bowers,  
And voices potent as eternity,  
Exhorted men, as angels, to be free.

The senior group is near its goal,  
Fate opes its door and shuns control;  
Decisions looking down the vale of time,  
Decisions rising to the heights sublime,  
Mid heaven's tallest sons,  
Or hell's depraved ones,  
Hang tremulous upon the will;  
High fountain may the spirit fill,  
Or sunless shores without a disk of light,  
May shut the soul within the womb of night.

(ANSWER, MAY 28.)

This pen may not kindle a light,  
But the haziness rather increase;  
Yet the motive that prompts to indite,  
Is friendship, joy and peace.  
'Twas ours to stroll from the roof  
Through bewitching twilight to gaze,  
At the stars and white clouds aloof,  
That silvery templed maze.  
Clouds circle like girdles of day,  
Or fleecy flit like angel bands,  
Stars crown the robed saints far away,  
In heaven's summer lands.  
Clouds swing like the gate-leaves of heaven,  
Stars deck the dome of its bliss,  
While clouds by the angels are riven,  
Stars saintly brows shall kiss.  
'Tis clear why meek Moses chose,

Affliction with the ransomed throng,  
Above clouds and stars he arose,  
To sing immortal song.  
Here lies a dear dying maid,  
Who spurned a religion to have;  
And there one at death's door is laid,  
Whom Christ will sweetly save.

(LETTER 17, OCTOBER 3, UNIVERSITY.)

Back to the campus that cultures the mind,  
Old welcomes and vigorous greetings to find;

Friendships to cherish us,  
Teachers to nourish us;

The landmarks above us of seniors are gone,  
Problems of honor to solve all alone,  
Seeking the shore of the unknown.  
With balking mind in long respite,  
Clinging to friendships out of sight,  
Will our energies find the light?

Summer has beguiled,  
Luxury has smiled,

And pampering praise may spoil a child.  
The years creep by to the final goal,  
And fade when glory expands the soul.

Now is checkered the arduous way,  
Fortune applauds each blazoned success,  
That may curse and this may bless,  
With a congenial day.

Many have dropped from the ranks of strife,  
Many have failed in the toils of life;  
Onward we push to the haven near,  
With comrades good, and sky all clear.  
The Indian Summer sheds its rays,  
Around our bark and over the bays.  
The pure crystal concave shuts us in,  
From the storms around and the powers beneath,

The powers invisible of sin,  
And feeds the courage that walks by faith.

A confidential word to thee—  
What may the force of dreaming be?  
I was a wedding guest, me thought,  
Two human souls in one were wrought;  
Many gazed in lightsome glee,  
But my heart fell in agony;  
For thou wast crowned the happy bride;  
Alas! I was not at thy side;  
Waking, it was but a dream;  
To thee, how doth this vision seem?

(ANSWER, OCTOBER 15.)

'Tis October, gentle Sir,  
When the heart, a worshipper,  
Seeks the Altar of its God,  
In the leafy templed wood.  
'Tis the funeral of each leaf,  
Faded beauty, life in brief,  
Stricken, rustles to decay,  
And sad winds bear them away,  
Sighing in a requiem,  
Crying for their diadem.  
And the shining brook is sweet,  
Making merry at my feet;  
The majestic trees o'er head,  
Thousands with their fruitage fed.  
The dream! the dream! what shall I speak?  
A thousand thoughts would silence break;  
And yet those thoughts would secrets tell;  
This cautious, puzzle, ponder well.  
'Tis strange, that sorrows thee befall,  
Which bring a beaming joy to all.  
Reflect, it was an idle dream;  
Though painted for the truth, it seem.

May kinder angels guard thy rest,  
And sweetly whisper what is best.

(LETTER 18, OCTOBER 28, UNIVERSITY.)

The Anglo-Saxon language is the very soul of thought;  
Let poetry and truth in the people's tongue be wrought;  
The groves, the winds, the meadows, and the hills and  
lawns and birds,

The ocean and the starry skies, talk best in Saxon words;  
Let friendship then be faithful as it shuns a tongue un-  
known;

The Saxon is the gift of God falling from the throne.  
Autumn in its frost-locks has bit away the green,  
The trees with tiny naked limbs appeal to heaven, I ween;  
The shrouded whiting of the skies will wrap those limbs  
with snow,

'Til balmy, resurrective spring, in buds and flowers shall  
blow.

Harper's Ferry low has fallen, and Buchanan may arise  
To hang the puny martyrs, and appease the frenzied Wise.  
I am reading ancient Blackstone for his elemental lore,  
Our class is one of lawyers, and the parsons went before.  
But the dream is undecided, and we walk enchanted  
ground,

'Twas my iron nerve of courage—may apology abound—  
That led the heart to tell it as a puzzle to thy breast,  
A pardon for intrusion, may it not disturb thy rest;  
It may puzzle thee agreeably to read its secret mark,  
For the current I would fathom that would float my little  
bark.

No Joseph and no Daniel will interpret it for me,  
I press this question only—was it pleasant dream to thee?

(ANSWER, Nov. 13.)

A cloud rains without, but peace reigns within,  
Could you come and share it with me?

The soul-born expression, this talkative pen,  
Would substitute voice greeting thee.  
The pensive in song, my melody chords,  
Afflictions were sent long ago,  
If chastisement come, our will be the Lord's,  
To wash the soul whiter than snow.  
God's hand is upon me, the rod of His peace,  
And brighter its counterpart proves,  
While prophets shall dream, His grace shall increase,  
He chastens whatever He loves.  
Dr. Perkins, of Persia, has spread us a feast,  
A magi, commissioned to teach,  
The "What of the night?" of this orient guest,  
Responds to his Master's, "Go preach."  
His Syriac parchments, in words of life,  
From that strange and beautiful land,  
Are God's winged messengers in the strife,  
Sent to proclaim his command.  
O, that shadowy dream arrests my pen,  
And thrilling emotion conceals!  
I am reading it now, as I read it then,  
For a token of love it reveals.  
My fortress of words is toppled adown,  
My careful, selected array,  
This question subverts from the base to the crown,—  
"The dream, was it pleasant to thee?"  
O, Muses, assist me to weigh the reply!  
O, pencil of policy, pause!  
"Was it pleasant with dreams our hearts to try?"  
My heart and my pen say, "It was."

(LETTER 19, NOVEMBER 26. UNIVERSITY,)

Thy thrilling token came,  
With pleasure, profit and delight,  
Its angel words and pledge of faith

Shall dissipate all social night,  
And sympathy impart 'til death.  
No cheerless snow can fall,  
When social sunlight warms the air,  
And faith and hope from inner frame,  
Makes holiday forever there,  
If kindred soul but fan the flame.

Divinity can weave  
His image on the brow of man,  
'Til his immortals fill the earth,  
'Til winged saints and angels fan  
Sweet odors from their heavenly birth.

O, let me spend this life  
In searching fountains of a heart,  
For the pure pearls that shine beneath,  
And rich, eternal hues impart,  
As gleams the crown in angel's wreath.

Life is a volume bound :  
Blank leaves precede the title page,  
A frontispiece of gilded youth,  
An introduction to life's stage,  
Successive chapters, big with truth.

Each day we fill a blank,  
The Heavenly Critic must revise,  
Blot graciously each error made,  
Commend with love the good and wise,  
Translate to light from dying shade.

In college life my pen  
Pledged its refrain from topic grave,  
Yet vowed to friendship, pleasing mood—  
Surrender Pen, however brave,  
For you are won, as you have wooed.

(ANSWER, DECEMBER 11.)

All alone with spirit friend,  
Save one quiz, my thought to trend,

Near me here, to jeer.  
 Yours produced delicious spell,  
 Where my heart delights to dwell,  
 To hold me in glee;  
 Unfolds it such a cloud of peace,  
 And offers such a sacrifice,  
 Equivalent, heaven sent.  
 Such enchantment never brake,  
 Dream on, spirit, never wake,  
 Seranade, dear maid.  
 Joy comes singing in my soul,  
 Its reflection smiles control,  
 As I pass the glass.  
 But alas ! death is abroad,  
 Taking jewels up to God,  
 A dear one, she's gone.  
 Volumes written on to-day  
 Open heaven o'er the way,  
 Ne'er on high, we die.  
 Blank parenthesis of now,  
 Will divinity endow  
 Filling space with grace.  
 Blackstone wields a golden pen,  
 To attract the sons of men,  
 If the law thee draw,  
 Should some sylvan harp disarm,  
 Captivating with its charm,  
 Bring along its song.  
 Merry Christmas comes apace,  
 We shall see thy welcome face,  
 Full of peace and bliss.

(LETTER 20, JANUARY 21, 1860, UNIVERSITY.)

“Carlisle!” the hackman’s voice revealed,  
 Two hours later and “Springfield!”  
 Vacation’s page the books have sealed.

I linger at the sleigh-bell chime,  
As two heart's melodize in rhyme,  
To chant their duetts through all time.  
Sing on, ye seraphs, still my fears !  
Harp of a thousand strings in tears,  
Would harmonize a thousand years.  
The winter air and exercise,  
Good conscience and sweet social ties,  
Exalt enjoyment to the skies.  
Each tender insect has God's care,  
A luscious youth of mountain air,  
Wide o'er the world divides each share.  
If tears of sympathy extend,  
To weal of foe or woe of friend,  
Such life may conquer to the end.  
(Those Belles with faces washed in snow,  
Will feel the blood more warmly glow,  
'Twas but of frozen peace, the bow.)  
And if the past be not a cheat,  
If not the future it repeat,  
By and by our hearts will greet,  
Where in length and breadth of day,  
Love shall ever glide away,  
In one boat upon the bay.  
Three years or more the rising flame  
Has kindled higher in this frame,  
Conflagrant with thy sacred name.  
What progress to my glowing pen,  
The bloom of now was budded then,  
The promised harvest comes again.

(ANSWER, FEBRUARY 4.)

While all the stars are winking at the deep,  
My spirit friend, I'll visit thee alone ;  
Where is thy beaming eye ? 'tis not asleep,  
Or is thy task, save this appointment, done ?

I read thy counterpart with strange delight,  
 Congenial thoughts and aspirations high,  
 An imagery which paints my soul to-night,  
 With blending harmonies like sea and sky.  
 Tell me who lifts the veil of future weal?  
 Who pictures its enjoyments at the goal?  
 The chart of life each day God shall reveal,  
 Foreshadowing good that may inspire the soul.

The future pages of the book of fate,  
 Are written one by one and folded down,  
 Transported daily through the Golden Gate,  
 This volume is exchanged to buy a crown.  
 Then thanks to thee for truth and light and love,  
 And thanks to thee for confidence and care ;  
 So when thy volume is bestowed above,  
 One faithful partner of thy crowns will share.

(LETTER 21, FEBRUARY 18, UNIVERSITY.)

Hail to my Visitor ! hail friendly Spirit !  
 Spirit that ministers, Heaven may leave,  
 Leave in my heart a message to cheer it,  
 And guardian ecstacy equal receive.

Visit repeat again  
 Utter thy sweet amen !  
 Blushes may crimson the cheek of a rose ;  
 Puzzles may find their way,  
 Out to the light of day ;  
 Sentiment only from sentiment grows.

Tongues and pens yield but a symbol of thinking,  
 Heart to heart, deeper the fountain may try ;  
 Deep inspiration exalts spirits drinking,  
 As draughts do the angels when drinking on high.  
 So pour thy holy bliss,  
 Christ, whom the angels kiss.

Wild was the forest my heart lately grew,  
 Stoical paradise,  
 Devoid of fairy eyes,  
 Right of discovery granted to you.

Thou, like Columbus, this wild land has taken,  
 There, made thy permanent settlement too,  
 Building thy palace mid changes unshaken,  
 Rose-like this wilderness blossoms anew ;  
 Let it stand beautiful,  
 All the land dutiful !  
 Joy to this wilderness ! fragrant it blooms,  
 Mutual confidence,  
 Crowns the achievement hence !  
 May thy realm thrive till eternity comes !

(ANSWER, MARCH 2.)

You have seen a child,  
 Weary with commotion,  
 Settle meek and mild,  
 For the night devotion.  
 So the weary world,  
 Wears with task and pleasure,  
 Till the heart is hurled,  
 Upon its hidden treasure.

So this sacred hour,  
 Shall find me at the altar,  
 Sacred friendship's bower ;  
 Shall my homage falter?  
 In the twilight shade,  
 Like a mild midsummer,  
 Late a scheme was made,  
 Stirring Madame Rumor.

In the sugar camp,  
 In the fragrant wildwood,

With the moon, our lamp,  
We renewed our childhood.

\*Cousin in the vale,  
With disease is wasting,  
Death has blazed the trail,  
On which she is hastening.

So thou didst surmise,  
A fortified assurance,  
Dauntless, 'gainst surprise,  
In thy heart's endurance.  
Pardon our decoy !

'Twas only admiration,  
Sharing in thy joy,  
Pouring our oblation.

Did we win a glance,  
Down thy path of knowledge?  
Did our spirit dance?  
'Twas a nymph at College.  
This desert made to yield,  
Unfailing rich in treasure,  
Pearls about this field,  
Bowers, fountains, pleasure.

An equivalent,  
Take for this princely favor,  
Devotion's hereby sent,  
Shall crown thy bright forever.  
So thy heart a song,  
"Lorena," be its measure,  
Be thy heart among,  
My heart's hidden treasure.

(LETTER 22, MARCH 17, UNIVERSITY.)

The creeping wind, the mellow spring,  
And genial sun all play a part,

\*M. M.

They breathe soft passions as they sing,  
A lullaby to sooth the heart.

The noon-day warms,  
The yawning arms,  
Like crysalis,  
In waking bliss,  
Reviving breath doth softly kiss.

Your white dove came in recent mail,  
An olive branch, within its bill,  
It gently flew, like whited sail,  
When seas are calm and breezes still.

Doth not the rose,  
Whose petal blows,  
Beauty tinted,  
Blush imprinted,  
Drip with honeyed fragrance scented?

That olive branch its author seems,  
And let it wave in vernal breeze,  
While nature smiles and starlight gleams,  
Or flashes sunbeam o'er the trees.

The passer by,  
May feast his eye,  
This olive dove,  
Will faithful prove,  
In bearing tender leaves of love.

Last night a fairy serenade,  
Soul avenues in slumber thrilled,  
As midnight rhythm dissolved in shade,  
And sweet enravishment instilled;  
Not melted souls,  
Where music rolls,  
From harps of bliss,  
Which ceaseless is,  
Could be more wrapt with song than this.

Apocalyptic visions fall,  
 A future eminence display,  
 Thy guardian spirit covers all,  
 Infusing courage on the way,  
 Then thanks to thee,  
 For charity,  
 Thy recompense,  
 From soul and sense,  
 Shall be eternal confidence.

(ANSWER, MARCH 30.)

The sun its crystals never shed,  
 With lustre more on flowery bed,  
 Than friendship's sun on heart and head,  
 Shining from its zenith noon.  
 By "terms," Old Time is measured here,  
 Joy drops a gratulating tear,  
 The life vacation passing near,  
 Ringing, chimes its joy bells soon.

A few more ardent thoughts engage,  
 A final thesis from the stage,  
 And *finis* on the closing page,  
 Then the volume bears its seal,  
 The holiday of life begins,  
 Yet where the preparation ends,  
 The heart, the burden yet depends,  
 For the work of life is real.

(LETTER 23, APRIL 28, UNIVERSITY.)

Probation, hopeful, final here,  
 Invites the pious prayer of all,  
 And, rising from the fervent prayer,  
 Thy absent voice says, "Do and dare,"  
 My pledge obeys the call.

Shall gemmy resolutions fail?

In books I'll strive to lead the way;  
If resolution still prevail,  
When lavish luxury assail,

Then fortune wins the day.

May spirit, genius-painting, light,

Impart its colors and its shades,  
To paint that day with beauty bright,  
Invoking song, enchanting sight,

Ne'er spirit beauty fades.

All sacred words, all skies serene,

The inner world shall permeate,  
And glide the gates of sense unseen,  
The heart with golden light to sheen,

The life from adverse fate.

God's purifier sweetly warms

The censer in the holy place,  
And melts and moulds in fragrant charms,  
Each memory to matchless forms,

Fruition to embrace.

This picture with the violet eye,

Reflects each smile as friend to friend,  
From virtue's home as prettily,  
As tales thy whisper tells to me,  
When to thy lips I bend.

(ANSWER, MAY 11.)

Dear Sir, when early morn shall greet,  
Then spreads rich Dayton at our feet;  
Come and join our promenade,  
Sweeter, brighter, charm our shade.  
Lend thine arm and share the cup,  
Distill fruition drop by drop:  
Ever as now and now as ever be,  
The welcome Author of such joy to me.  
Congratulation that the end

Its fair beginning doth portend.  
Yes, prayer shall aid from heart of faith  
To finish what assurance saith.  
In thy last what pearls were hid,  
So beautiful beneath the lid ;  
'Twas not a dream, for on the breast I wear,  
That brightest wreath of pearls all shining there.

(LETTER 24, MAY 26, UNIVERSITY.)

Thrice happy are the powers,  
That feast on spring's repast,  
Sweet air that wends through nature's bowers,  
Breathes manna in a gale of flowers,  
And fans the soul to rest.  
The climbing sun,  
Its circles run,  
Shall deck the dome of nature with a crown.  
Could Indian of yore,  
The white man's vision crave,  
Just glance this charming landscape o'er,  
His spirit's hunting ground no more,  
Beyond the silent grave ;  
His Paradise,  
Before his eyes,  
Would check his soul's retreat to share the prize.  
Could truant life caress,  
As meadows I explore,  
Or from the lamb learn tenderness,  
Or from the lark learn song of praise,  
Or learn from all to soar,  
'Twould be complete,  
If thou, a mate,  
Wouldst roam that meadow too with tripping feet.  
A hero climbs the vale,  
Nor rival dare oppose,  
The rich, the strong, will not prevail,

The God-reliant never fail  
 'Gainst frenzy, rebel foes ;  
 If Lincoln win  
 This warlike din,  
 Tumult would calm of all the sons of men.

(ANSWER, JUNE 8.)

As backward, forward, waves a tree,  
 Bereft of branch and foliage,  
 So richest passions poor would be,  
 Consigned to words on whited page ;  
 A beauteous tree, emotion full,  
 Green thoughts spring from their native heart,  
 Transplanted with the pen are dull,  
 Fine shade of passion to impart,  
 When eye to eye, on friendship's bent,  
 Heart speaks to heart in sentiment.

But yesterday by chance or charm,  
 A blue-eyed \*maiden crossed my way,  
 In feature fair, of graceful form,  
 Where poetry of soul might play ;  
 On merchant's counter silks were spread,  
 The shopping sweet maid much admired,  
 Selecting trimmings, trappings, thread,  
 The fairy voice seemed song inspired ;  
 Who can this charming maiden be ?  
 A charming cousin, friend, to thee.

O what a world of beauty grows,  
 Of ripening wheat and forest high,  
 Of clover blossom, bowery rose,  
 All smiled upon by azure sky !  
 Take this bouquet of nature, friend,  
 Half open rosebuds, cedar springs,  
 Full blown some petals, while depend,

\*M. R.

Some green leaves broken from the twigs ;  
 Some fairest trellis blossoms wait,  
 Thy coming at the garden gate.

(LETTER 25, JUNE 23, UNIVERSITY.)

The woodland breathes life-like, a balm sweets the air  
 The garden its perfume exhales,  
 The fields wave a richness, the morning is fair,  
 Come ramble with me o'er the vales.  
 Where vice is enthroned, fair nature is shunned,  
 But virtue exults everywhere,  
 Faith, duty and love in thy virtues abound,  
 And purity loves to feast there.  
 The silver moon sprinkles his beams o'er the world,  
 Thy virtues outshine the pale moon ;  
 The sunbeams in floods down the ages are hurled,  
 Thy purity rivals the sun.  
 The fountains of snow from their mountain-top source,  
 Are chaste, luscious, crystal and free,  
 But the musical fountains that from thy heart course,  
 Are purer and sweeter to me.

(ANSWER, JUNE 30.)

Thanks to the Great Disposer,  
 For a land of shadows fair,  
 Where the countless millions,  
 Breathe freedom's native air.  
 But happiness is deeper,  
 Than government of States,  
 Its fountains are within thee,  
 It springs from noble traits.  
 Reciprocates with fervor,  
 My heart thy compliments,  
 With pride I hail thy fortune,  
 And share thy confidence.

The purple petals linger,  
And wait the time with me,  
It flies like summer cloud shades  
To haste thy company.  
A picnic down the railroad,  
A sitting by thy side,  
Would flash the hours like lightning,  
And bliss would roll a tide.  
The eye rains tears of gladness,  
Thy social pearls to wear,  
Which line my deep heart fountains,  
And only cluster there.  
Unfolds the soul like rosebuds,  
To catch the glowing sun,  
Which beams from kindred spirit,  
With an eternal noon.  
Should our song ever falter,  
'Twould be a trill of love,  
For key and voice may quiver,  
The breast of turtle dove.  
The heavens flash in splendor,  
Aurora gates ajar,  
The poles fling scintillations,  
The sky's a single star.

(LETTER 26, JULY 9, UNIVERSITY.)

This secret, share,—  
Of highest moment to our fate,—  
If crown I wear,  
In an immortal state,  
This secret measures—O how great!  
The mighty Lord,  
*Hath called me to the ministry!*  
The gospel word,  
Shall set the saint at liberty,  
And grant a world salvation free.

(ANSWER, JULY 13.)

Holy, holy is the tidings,  
Of thy secret message sent,  
Which the angels carry heavenward,  
Of thy serious intent.

Let Heaven have praise,  
Through infinite days,  
That the mission of life for a crown is lent.  
Let the stars of nature vanish,  
Yet the stars of glory shine,  
Earthly jewels melt in ashes,  
Yet shall sparkle the divine,  
The crown of the blest,  
In heavenly rest;  
Be such a crown forever thine.

(LETTER 27, JULY 14, UNIVERSITY.)

Before the ides of summer fade,  
Joy meets with sorrow in adieu,  
The oracle has gravely said,  
“ Go get thee forth, thy work pursue,  
Go seek the dying and the dead.

The summer sun is sweeping low ;  
The shock is gathered in the store ;  
The forest green has drunk the dew ;  
The autumn wave has touched the shore ;  
The spring will resurrect anew.

So friendship germinates in growth,  
Acquaintance a mere germ may prove,  
To bud, to bloom, to fruit in both,  
In deep and wide eternal love,  
Then binds for aye the marriage oath.

(ANSWER, JULY 23.)

If harmony an empire sway,  
If cherished friendships pave its way,  
And charm its subjects day by day,

We have won thee.

When death shall still each nerve to rest  
Save nerve of heaven's happy blest,  
My heart bestows this oft request,  
Rich fraught with faith the solemn test,

May heaven crown thee.

Diplomas earthly schools devise,  
Are types of honors in the skies,  
When to their portals we arise  
And the "well done" shall win the prize,  
In the high school of Paradise,

May all be thine.

What were the deepest human lore,  
In view of upper Eden's store?  
When weariness and toil are o'er,  
When all the dead who went before,  
Arise to shine forevermore,  
And join us on the crystal shore,

Thy crown will shine.

## FROM THE IDEAL TO THE REAL.

And when the reapers end their task,  
And in the Autumn shadows bask,  
And greater, mental harvest field,  
Its shocks of ripe fruition yield  
When days of pupilage are o'er,  
And golden sheaves shout home the store,  
When Providence unfolds the way,  
This "Gracious Gift" salutes the day,  
Where God and man invites him rise,  
He, to that place of honor hies,  
Where stately College on the hill,  
To build its fame invites his skill.  
Blest be the teacher's holy theme !  
Blest be *Pierus'* fountain stream !  
Through paths of day and gates of light,  
He leads disciples, past the night.  
The wave he coyly sets in motion,  
Rolls up to the eternal ocean.  
His works do follow in the wake,  
In solid rank, without a break,  
Till heaven's light-house lumes the strand,  
Within that solemn, silent land.  
But mark ! a partner soul shall glide,  
Without the mist, on yonder side.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

(LETTER 1, SEPTEMBER 22, 1860, SEMINARY.)

As up the steep hill we aspire,  
Hills rise above, sublimely higher,  
Where mountain home sates all desire,  
       Of wandering ;  
Arrests our path, yon stately spire,  
       Meandering.

'Neath many a luxuriant vine,  
To tell the mountaineer's design,  
Neat cottages and mansions shine;

Romantic bliss;

Ideal charms, almost divine,  
Were hid in this.

Should dream of prophecy be real,  
Should revelation break its seal,  
This is the palace home of weal.

Should God appoint  
This blest arena for our zeal,  
He will anoint.

Responsibility and trust,  
As come they will, and come they must,  
Now overwhelm this humble dust.

The deed is done.

A Seminary to adjust,  
Is life begun.

Its heavy burdens I will bear,  
Its brightest laurels thou shalt wear,  
Its trophies we'll together share,

The more be thine;

On God we'll cast our every care,  
The more be mine.

Accept this hope, this heart and hand,  
Accept for aye thy life command,  
Be chief of our united band.

O, remember  
That this shall be our promised land,  
In December!

'Twere holy to sit by thy side,  
As when thou pledged to be my bride,  
And vows and prayers washed up the tide  
Of heaven's ocean.

Could the archangel, lone, abide,  
In firm devotion?

As cherubim the ark caress,  
 Our guardian angels join to bless,  
 The partnership our souls confess,  
 Uniting love ;  
 No gleaming star outshines thy face,  
 From sky above.  
 The term of life-work glides along,  
 It brings its care and groups its throng,  
 It forces prayer, it fashions song,  
 Brings propriety ;  
 Approves the right, reproves the wrong,  
 Makes anxiety.

(ANSWER, SEPTEMBER 30.)

'Tis sweetly novel to forecast,  
 And judge the future by the past,  
 And coin a name for thee.  
 To read sweet poetry each day,  
 To scan a picture, chant a lay,  
 Will grateful mission be.  
 To utter words of holy truth,  
 Is holier mission far,  
 To comfort age and waken youth,  
 Is mortals holiest care.  
 My treasure, thy pleasure,  
 Next to the will of heaven,  
 Shall move me to love thee,  
 Devout this token's given.

"Twas more than half of heaven, my love,  
 That filled our hearts from God above,  
 When last we knelt in prayer ;  
 If when we meet again, 'tis done,  
 And man of God pronounce us "one,"  
 The other half we'll share.

This heart was into being brought,  
Thy own great heart to bless,  
In sunshine or in shadows wrought,  
'Twill ever thee caress.  
At midnight, at daylight,  
The sun is shining ever,  
E'en moonshine is sunshine,  
If near thee forever.

(LETTER 2, OCTOBER 6, SEMINARY.)

My gentle dove, devoted love,  
If grants the Good Director,  
You'll be my bride, and by thy side,  
I'll be thy own protector.  
When eleven moons have passed their noons,  
Bliss boundless as the ocean,  
Shall open up a sweeter cup  
Of sensitive devotion.  
This paradise excels the skies,  
In bidding spirits cherish ;  
If heaven better can unfetter,  
And more sweetly nourish,  
What blissful spirit shall inherit  
Such devotion tender?  
Sure no blushes, half so luscious,  
Could such beauty render,  
And no sorrow, on the morrow,  
E'er shall bubble through us ;  
Each petition, brings salvation,  
Manifold unto us.  
The Prince of Wales, completely fails  
To captivate with feature ;  
He crossed our way, on yesterday,  
An equal fellow-creature.  
Thy real form, has holier charm,  
The spirit would caress it ;

Thy picture here, these eyes revere,  
'Tis riches to possess it.  
'Tis when the real, shades the ideal,  
With a brighter vision,  
Fruition's beams, eclipse our dreams,  
With a lot Elysian.

(ANSWER, OCTOBER 14.)

O ! what a theme invites the pen,  
An angel would divert his ken  
From happiness in heaven grown—  
Contentment to a cottage flown !  
A liberal and tidy mind,  
Which mammon's god could never bind,  
Is richer in exquisite worth,  
Than funded millions of the earth.  
It is refinement, quiet, ease,  
With heart of love, and hand of peace,  
With social charms and books of lore,  
These make a mortal's richest store :  
All these thou pourest at my feet,  
Thy princely offering is complete.  
Strong grows the faith in future years,  
Sweet sympathy wipes woman's tears,  
Or, kiss them from the moistened check,  
And tender, silent tokens speak,  
Thou subject of a thousand prayers,  
Divided in a thousand shares,  
A prince would never tempt my love,  
A crown I seek, prepared above ;  
If crown on earth, 'twere better far,  
To have in thee a precious star.  
Then lean me snug upon thine arm,  
Then fold me to thy manly form,  
And seek mine eyes, thine brimming bright,  
Imparting sweet reflected light.

If blended souls and blended eyes,  
Outrival heaven's harmonies,  
If social, mental, moral powers,  
Can charm like honeysuckle bowers,  
Then deeper, deeper in my soul,  
These waves of deep devotion roll.  
When hearts unlock a palace there,  
Enthroned within, a crown to wear,  
All trials from that realm are driven,  
Its portals are the gates of heaven.  
Yet under God these blessings fall,  
And to his name be praises all.  
As half concealed a blushing rose,  
Out from its sepel casket blows,  
O, what a lavish glory springs,  
Like bird of paradise on wings!  
Good night my Rose, may seraph guard,  
With tender vigils from the Lord..

(LETTER 3, NOVEMBER 4, SEMINARY.)

There are three great kisses, dear,  
    Mother's first impress,  
Happy bride's first blessing,  
    Death's last, comfortless.  
Feed me with the second bliss,  
Feed me with the bridal kiss.

Angels dream no greeting like it,  
    Solemn ecstacy!  
Glorious inspiration growing,  
    Clinching destiny!  
The heart must yield, the hand must wed,  
The sprite that us on kisses fed.

Together we will climb, dear,  
To the heights above,  
Tears of toil will triumph,  
Tears of wedded love.  
Dress thee in a lily white,  
Deck thee in a halo bright,  
Yet thy inner nature rivals,  
The soul's center shines,  
More beautiful surpassing far,  
Hogarth's perfect lines.  
Indite thy words and courage bring,  
Like song of birds in ceaseless spring.

(ANSWER, NOVEMBER 11.)

For thee I'll ever wait,  
And ope the trellis gate,  
And trip with happy feet,  
In folded arms to rest;  
Reposing on thy breast,  
Our joy shall be complete.

Thy sparkling smile, a gem,  
Like star of Bethlehem,  
It beams good will and peace,  
God richly smiles in turn,  
Till glowing pathos burn,  
In melting seas of bliss.

A treasure at the door,  
A hand, a heart, a store;  
I'll let the treasure in.  
Let years be pressed to hours,  
Let ocean fall in showers,  
Yet ne'er such wealth they win.

And in the coming moon,  
Shall heaven seal us one.  
Just in the parlor, dear,  
The man of God will pray,  
And God will bless the way,  
And angels hover near.

If sorrow come, or care,  
Crushed flowers fragrant are ;  
If budding hopes should blight,  
And brightest prospects fly,  
If God these pledges try,  
He'll give us faith for sight.

But pathos stronger grows,  
To such as suffer woes.  
Should fiery pillar fade,  
The cloudy pillar moves,  
It comforts, guides and loves,  
To shield our weary head.

(LETTER 4, NOV. 19, SEMINARY.)

Fear not, my mate, beloved bride,  
The happy riches of romance,  
To us will all be verified,  
And bright fruition shall entrance.  
If cynic should rebuke our pen,  
The stones would with an earthquake thrill,  
Awaken all the sons of men,  
And clap its hands, each stately hill.  
Then press the hand, the heart, the lip,  
Restore to Eden all her bliss,  
Let fragrant dews of heaven drip,  
And purify in fount like this.  
Not dove of heaven companion were,  
In intellect and moral grace,

A fairy dove, one half so fair,  
As when thy fairy form I trace.  
With ink of bliss and pen of fire,  
A model picture may be cast,  
Yet over all thine image higher,  
Shall centralize all praise at last.  
Months fade to days and days to hours,  
The happy, solemn scene draws near,  
The bow bespans the world when showers  
Depart and sweep the heavens clear.  
The solemn covenant of life,  
Beneath that bow and God, we'll share,  
Be one forever, man and wife,  
And seal the vow in holy prayer.  
We'll sit us by the fireside gleam,  
To relish evening's twilight rest;  
Perennial love shall ever stream,  
Perpetual tokens be confessed.  
The chambers of the heart are swept,  
And garnished for the coming guest;  
And budding sentiment has crept,  
From fragrant bloom to fruited feast.  
If heaven melt the nations down,  
In crucibles of ardent fate,  
Yet heaven bestows the greater crown,  
To honor greater potentate;  
Thou art that potentate of power,  
Who rulest with a wand of grace,  
And heaven guides thee every hour,  
With gracious gifts thy realm to trace.

(ANSWER, NOV. 25.)

'Tis evening, and this interlude,  
I'll share with thee, where none intrude;  
These passions, hopes and helps to trace,

Engrave our heart's responsive seal,  
Their gushing tablets to reveal,  
The exquisite, the soul embrace,  
In happy heart and shining face.

Delicious is the rich expanse,  
Whose tokens, kindred souls entrance ;  
The stringed harp of spirits chords,  
In melody when touched by love,  
And skillful strung for deeds and words,  
Which softest, sweetest music prove,  
Like fragrant breeze or cooing dove.

Brown eyes reflect a swimming sea  
Of crystal tokens back to me,  
A noble breast confiding there,  
This plighted faith, bestowed in joy.  
If I that bliss may never share,  
Though fairy dream which fate employ,  
Let me dissolve in dream so coy.

Without, a cold and stormy cloud,  
May lightning flash and thunder loud ;  
If kindred soul on rugged road,  
Impatient err, and haste return,  
Forgiveness imitates a God,  
Love tokens sweeter, richer burn,  
And holier virtues, life adorn.

Let language shine with brilliant gems,  
And mould thy heart in diadems,  
My heart will wear this crown of gold,  
Caressing wreathes, around its brow,  
A thrilling melody unfold,  
Devotions lavish ever new,  
And mirror passions ever true.

Just as the lamps are lit at eve,  
Just as the stars their palace leave,  
Ere chair shall move or foot shall fall,  
When bridal dress in summer white,  
This heart shall shelter, then love, call.  
This oneness scales the mountain height,  
In contemplating such delight.

(LETTER 5; DECEMBER 8, SEMINARY.)

My darling gazelle, I have fed,  
A sweet thanksgiving feast to my life ;  
It is happy and waiting to wed  
Thee, a spotless companion, a wife,  
Yes, I'll meet thee at lovely twilight,  
And the angels will peep from the skies,  
With their star lanterns smile away night,  
And the sunbeams of bliss shall arise.  
Every thought flits away to thy home,  
There to realize multiplied bliss :  
O ! how wearily earth would I roam,  
If bereft of a jewel like this.  
Life were meaningless robbed of its mate,  
And in yonder shadowy bourne,  
It would pine away disconsolate,  
Till revived to " all hail " thy return.  
" Twere a gift immortally grand,  
When white innocence pledges its charms,  
Which shall bloom like a bright summer land,  
And bind its rich sheaves in these arms.  
Were the ocean's fair fullness one cup,  
And the soul drank it all in a quaff,  
It would be to this fullness a drop,  
To this golden grain only as chaff.  
In the breezes of heaven, love may fan,  
To bathe deity, angels and saints,

And the fullness of love in the man,  
Is such as eternity paints.  
If all words were moulded in one,  
And all innocence wrought in a charm,  
That dear word were expression alone,  
For describing thy fairy, lent form,  
And when evening and morning shall glide  
Down the residue river of time,  
Ere the new moon shall fall in its pride,  
The bells of our nuptial shall chime.

(ANSWER, DECEMBER 11.)

“A little longer” says the soul,  
As the tear fountains blissful roll,  
A shower of sympathy, devotion’s holy glee.  
Anticipation! matchless faith!  
Thrice stronger than the chains of death.  
Delicious unity! have sweet impunity!  
This depth of harmony outvies,  
All other human ecstacies.  
Thine eyes and heart disclose, how a love fount coyly  
flows.  
One word, my love, beyond our sway,  
Our friends and fate postpone one day,  
Till Sabbath sun shall rise to warm our nuptial skies;  
Then faith shall bound in open arms,  
The magic real succeed these forms;  
Then faith shall yield to sight, and never say “Good  
night.”

(LETTER 6, AND LAST, DECEMBER 19, SEMINARY.)

My first and last, my only love,  
My angel bride, my purest dove,  
Let others probe the deep unknown,  
And circle in some magic zone,

My fancy ends its ravished dream,  
Daylight of bliss has flung its gleam,  
I'll meet thee at that break of day,  
And never more be torn away.  
Not goddess of poetic fame,  
Such ocean wealth of worth could claim  
O, sacred altar ! Solemn vow !  
Where boundless oceans overflow,  
And float our souls upon its tide  
In life-boat to the other side.  
One hyssop branch embitters fate,  
My mother nears the golden gate ;  
If Will Divine should call her hence  
To enter heaven's sweet recompense,  
A wifely counsel shall provide,  
Where mother's counsel is denied.  
Melt warm affection in a glow,  
These ocean currents overflow,  
Forever like a sea of tears.  
That weep for joy a thousand years.  
Th' immaculate of heaven's throng,  
Can never chant a sweeter song.  
If every star in yonder sky,  
Were riven from its canopy.  
And crushed to make a starry crown,  
Its lustrous wealth should be thine own.  
Let fancy painters fade away,  
Eclipsed by real fruition's ray.  
Deep down the avenues of soul,  
In ravishment, let nature roll.  
Should fortune frown or hope despond,  
Through Christ and thee I'll hope beyond.  
On Sabbath day, that happy "now,"  
I'll print caresses on thy brow ;  
I'll meet thee at that break of day,  
And never more be torn away.

(ANSWER, DECEMBER 20.)

This final seal,  
Unfolds a throbbing ecstacy,  
Its radiant love-light to reveal,  
Then read in holy revelry,  
Its shining real.

Thy beaming eyes,  
With intellectual light forecast,  
Reflect to me their spirit prize,  
To enrich the future as the past  
With paradise.

"Twas planned in heaven;  
This growing fondness blooms like flowers,  
Whose fragrant twining never riven,  
Shall fill thy heart with blooming bowers,  
How freely given!

A treasure thou,  
Of manhood's purest, best estate,  
Which polish earth, or heaven endow,  
Or deity's fair word create,  
The best, I trow.

If robe of snow,  
Fresh from the wardrobe of the sky,  
The guardian angels round us throw  
Its white would not thy heart outvie—  
Its streams o'erflow.

Enraptured thought,  
We'll read and sing and pray as one,  
A rapturous share, a happy lot,  
And bathe in warm affection's sun,  
Bliss heaven-wrought!

That midnight dream,  
 Which other years a problem told,  
 Interprets well its holy theme ;  
 A treasure hid like mines of gold,  
 For thee shall gleam.

As beams the sun,  
 To kiss the world with morning light,  
 So shall our beating hearts be one,  
 To kiss from life each shade of night  
 Creating noon.

“Preserve this page?”  
 Yes ; loving, white winged angel come,  
 Let shining, burning words engage,  
 And chant these whispered musings home,  
 In youth and age.

O ! grant me life,  
 Thou angel of the covenant,  
 This dearest boon with rapture rife,  
 To bind two kindred spirits, grant  
 To man and wife.

Should this deny ;  
 That sacrament we shared agone,  
 Is type of immortality,  
 It binds our spirits one in one  
 Beyond the sky.

The pen may cease,  
 But heart and lips shall lavish more,  
 Endearments vital shall increase,  
 From the heart’s deep fountain store,  
 Of love and peace.

(CONSENT OF PARENTS INVOKED, OCT. 20.)

Dear Sir: thy daughter EMELINE,  
Is sought to join this hand of mine;  
A consummation whose decree,  
Awaits consent obtained of thee.  
To win this prize four years were wrought,  
Thrice worthy is the jewel sought.  
Such new estate, a millionaire,  
Possessing earth, could never share.  
'Tis true disparity is wide,  
She, a matchless, princely bride,  
I, hopeful, striving wait to rise,  
On future wing to scale her skies.  
In every virtue she complete,  
I, virtueless, fall at her feet.  
Some future weal in God may praise,  
Thy wisdom in yon palmy days.  
Attachments, such as bind a star,  
Bind us in one, the world debar.  
'Twere sacrilege to disagree,  
With Heaven's imperative decree.  
No riches swell my coffers wide,  
No worldly fortune I confide;  
A hand to work, a heart to win,  
A will to rise above the din.  
No luxury to fascinate,  
A Godly trust for higher fate.  
This jewel is my sole request;  
Shall she be mine, this purest, best?

(PARENTAL REPLY, OCT. 28.)

Your grave request commands our pleasure  
Of matrimonial mention;  
We note and approbate the measure,  
With most profound attention.

'Tis not the phantom of a day, sir,  
That claims our approbation ;  
Two lives devoted all the way, sir,  
Should bind this new relation.  
We've noted well your moral nature ;  
Your character and diction,  
Your industry, each studious feature,  
Your honorable conviction.  
Believing that in marriage, mortal,  
Felicity the highest,  
Secures this side of heaven's portal,  
And like its bliss the nighest,  
Our cherished daughter we surrender,  
Our prayers and blessings wish you ;  
May you long live as her defender,  
And heaven bless the issue.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE WEDDING.

*Married, December 23, 1860, at the residence of Hon. \* \* \* the bride's father, by Professor \* \* Professor \* \* \* and Miss \* \* \**

O! a flow of delight is a wedding feast,  
With its soul and its rich repast,  
And its bells rapt in song of a rhythm increast  
'Til the wealth of the thrill has transfix'd each guest  
While the cup of its raptures shall last.

O! fair EMELINE blushes in white array,  
And robed in felicity he,  
And their love both together outdazzles day,  
As bride and bridegroom transported they stay,  
Like pure sprites on the crystal sea.

Then the honey moon guests like environs rise,  
While the holy man speaks two in one;  
And the parents confer the holiest prize,  
And the angels delighted sweep down the skies,  
As they kiss on each brow a glad crown.

O! the holy word quivers on wings of air,  
"I WILL," the blest candidates vow,  
And the rapturous bells diapasons share,  
While God, angels and men are assembled there,  
With all grace the pair to endow.

And the congratulations that fill the breeze,  
And the boons that lavishly grow,  
Are as if all the birds vocalize all the trees,  
Or the paradise fountains have showered all peace,  
Or the chalice of God overflow.

And the tables stand tremulous with a repast,  
As lavish, as dainty and sweet,  
As if tropical trees all their fruits have cast,  
In high festival mountain their stores amassed,  
For the princes of earth to eat.

There were pearly white loaves of the golden grain,  
There were sweet lily rolls like foam,  
There were fragrant red roasts of fat oxen slain,  
There were delicate dishes from ocean's main,  
Heaped every dish to a dome.

There were smoking, stuffed fowls of a savory feast,  
That were gathered from shore to shore,  
There was every invention of bird or beast,  
From the wilds of the west to the bounteous east,  
'Til plenty could lavish no more.

And the tropical gardens their bounty bring,  
Of rare spices and fruits and flowers,  
Filled with fragrance exhaled from eternal spring,  
Where sweet breezes beat music and bright birds sing,  
In summer's perennial bowers.

There were oranges plucked from the Hesper tree,  
And pine-apples brought from the grove,  
There were sugary dates, raisins, figs and tea,  
There were purple bananas that lined the lea,  
'Mid the nutmeg and fragrant clove.

There was rich foaming coffee the lips to greet,  
And honey of fragrance untold,  
There were hickory nuts brown and cassia sweet,  
There was thick, honest cream such as fairies eat,  
There was butter of solid gold.

There were cakes fairy frosted that love had made,  
There were tarts with their crimson crest,

There were jellies all shining in purple shade,  
And all pastries were wrought of the richest grade,  
To invite the daintiest guest.

And the wedding-cake rose like a monument ;  
'Neath the frost of its marble side,  
Was concealed the rare treasure within it pent,  
Of its fruit and its frame in perfection blent,  
Like the wealth of the loving bride.

And the mirth of the guests rippled pure and free,  
The convivial wave touched yon shore,  
And the wedded pair bathed in love's crystal sea,  
As the pure angels bathe in eternity,  
Two souls to embrace evermore.

But adieu to the guests and the wedding told,  
For *Chronos* quickened his pace,  
And the wedding is past and the story old ;  
And fair fortune will favor the strong and bold ;  
The wedded pair enter the race.

## SEQUEL.

Would you peer into that future,  
Which the youth-dream predicated.  
And prophetic vision augured?  
Dream and prophecy are real.  
In a cottage lives a matron,  
Beautiful and blest and stately,  
“EMELINE,” her lover calls her;  
And five “OLIVE BRANCHES” mingle,  
Their young hearts and voices sweetly,  
As the oracle portended,  
At the feast of the first decade.  
Here, enthroned, Love builds its palace,  
Peace, its dove-cot, sets within it;  
Music chants its diapasons,  
Plenty pours its sweet frankincense;  
And the cottage walls are life-like  
With rich paintings of a master,  
Who now paints with the immortals.  
Princely volumes fill the studio,  
But the Book of books is central.  
Parents wear the prime of prestige,  
Children, lovely as a summer.  
Through the apple and the cherry,  
Which adorn with fruit and foliage,  
Naively pends the cottage latchstring,  
Nodding cordial invitation;  
And the social current enters,  
Ever pouring friendly fountains;  
And the pilgrim hails a greeting,  
Weary feet are welcome hither;  
But no guest finds holier welcome,

Than the Pilgrim, "Man of Sorrows."  
Waves the latchstring, glows the hearthstone,  
Warms the heart, invites the table.  
Should thy wand'rings trend their cottage,  
From the east, west, south or northland,  
Bend in hither 'neath the trellis,  
Enter freely, bivouac thee.  
Angels unawares may tarry ;  
Stay and testify our story.

## BEYOND.

As the springtime waits the summer,  
As the twilight flames to noonday,  
So these Seven wait translation,  
To eternal day and summer ;  
Seven mansions Christ prepareth ;  
Seven crowns are being star-wreathed ;  
Seven palms their victors beckon.  
And beyond the Lethean river,  
May you meet the Seven united,  
EMELINE and her BELOVED,  
In the summer land Elysian.  
This is HOME, SWEET HOME, forever.

## A LANDMARK FIFTEEN YEARS ONWARD.

DECEMBER 23, 1875.

To —— and EMELINE, on the eve of their CRYSTAL  
WEDDING, by the Pastor.

Fifteen years, you well remember,  
Fifteen years, this same December,  
Fifteen years ago to-night,  
Hand in hand, you each did plight  
Mutual vows of life-long love.  
Priest below and God above  
Forged the union, blest the bans,  
While at the altar joined ye hands.

Fifteen years of wedded life!  
Fifteen years, as man and wife!  
Fifteen years since cupid's dart  
Pinned securely, heart to heart!  
Fifteen years since wooing ended  
By the wooers being blended.

Fifteen years! How short it seems!  
Fifteen years of bright sunbeams—  
Of trust and help and sympathy;  
Of conjugal felicity;  
Of bliss unknown to those who roam;  
Who nothing know of "HOME, SWEET HOME!"  
Fifteen years ago you twain  
Entered on life's great campaign.  
Fifteen years of mortal man!  
Almost one fourth th' allotted span.  
Fifteen years of toil and care!  
Fifteen years of "wear and tear!"  
'Tis fifteen years; for, here and there,  
The silver threads among the hair

Bear record of the gone-by years,  
Gone with all their hopes and fears.

We note some other changes here,  
Which tell the flight of many a year;  
Glad are we the twain's alive;  
And glad the twain's increased by five.  
We're glad these years have brought thee here  
Each toiling philomath to cheer;  
And glad are we that scores of youth,  
Intent on their pursuit of truth,  
Have found in thee such helpful friends,  
In gaining such praiseworthy ends.

Congratulations then we bring!  
May Discord never, never fling  
Its baneful apple on your hearth,  
To hush the song of holy mirth!  
And may the "Horn of Plenty" pour  
Herein, more freely than before,  
Th' abundant good of heaven and earth,  
That heart and home sustain no dearth!

We who've gathered here to-night,  
Would most devoutly all unite  
In praying that thrice fifteen more  
Of happy years may lie before  
You in the vineyard here below,  
Before to heaven's reward you go;  
That weddings, *silver, golden*, too,  
With freighted good, may come to you,  
And find you lovers, just the same;  
Honoring an honored name;  
And when the ties of earth are riven,  
Where none in marriage shall be given,  
May you by purer ties be bound;  
And in "OUR FATHER'S HOME" be found!

Commendations of Manuscript Reviewer to the  
Author of "EMELINE; OR HOME, SWEET HOME."

"I have read your manuscript from first to last. My criticisms you will observe are few, and comparatively unimportant. My interest and surprise increased as I proceeded; interest in a sketch of real life, so rich in material for the author's purposes; and surprise that you should have displayed an ability in the use of the material, so much superior to that which has appeared in the former very creditable productions of your pen. In some of your interpretations of nature, you, at least, rival the immortal Gray. I shall be very much mistaken if your first edition supplies the demand. I shall be equally mistaken if the Muses do not place you with stars of the first magnitude.

A——."











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